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WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FAYETTEVILLE, ARKANSAS

VOL. XVIII NO. 1 W. J. LEMKE, EDITOR FEBRUARY 1968

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Cane Hill folks at a reunion in Parks Grove, east of Parks Corner in 1898. Original of photo belongs to Mrs. Doris Mason, 1312 East 26th St., Tulsa, Okla. Partial identification:

In front—Lucy Moore Gould. Front row—Walter Buchanan, Maud Buchanan Bush, Fanny Brewster Moore Yates, Bate Carrithers, Ethel Moore.

2nd row—Hugh Brewster, Ross Moore.

Standing—Lottie Collier (Edna Tennant), Kate Patterson Moore, Laura Pyeatte Ward, Erin Edmiston Pelt, Dr. Lewis Jackson, Mary Bean Jackson.

Back row—Mary Buchanan Pyeatte, Herbert Pyeatte, Jim Pyeatte, Bob Kirby, Mary McColloch Carrithers, Tom Moore, Corine Henry, Robert Patterson, Eva Tennant, Bill Jackson, Betty Moore Buchanan.

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Volume 18, Number 1 W. J. Lemke, editor February 1968

JUDGE JONAS M. TEBBETTS

(Editor's note: This is the first installment of the life story of Judge Jonas M. Tebbetts, prominent Fayetteville citizen of the 1840s and 1850s. The biography was written by Judge Tebbetts' daughter and was made available to us by a Tebbetts grandson, Ted Galey of Neosho, Mo. This installment covers--in abbreviated form--Tebbetts' biography up to the time of his marriage to Miss Matilda Winlock and the journey up to Fayetteville. Here their home, the "Tebbetts House", was to be built, which now in 1968 is the Headquarters House, memorializing the Civil War period when the house was headquarters in turn for both Confederate and Federal generals. - WJL)

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CHAPTER 1

> "My heart has gone often after you during the long years of separation and I have longed to know what became of my baby brother, whose birth on the 5th day of January, 1820, I remember so distinctly and for whom I hauled home a cradle from the widow Crosse's on my little hand sled."

That quotation is found in a letter among thousands of other letters in the old chest. A cradle had been needed in the family many times--nine times in fact, and then had been given away. But one cold January morning, James Tebbetts, who wrote the above lines in 1857, huddled his neck in a woolen comforter, put on his warm mittens, and after hunting out his little hand sled, breasted a New Hampshire wind to go over to the Widow Crosse's to bring home a cradle for, to the surprise of all, a dark-eyed baby boy had come to claim a place in the family circle and capture the hearts of all who knew him. They named him Jonas--Jonas March--for a family friend, a merchant and importer of Boston. Sometimes, though, they called him "Cob" because he held himself straight and unbending, like a corn cob.

At twenty, James was just starting out to fare for himself and little Jonas cried to go with the big, loving brother. Home was not the same. During those few years of Jonas' life, his gracious mother--beautiful Anne Roberts -- had developed tuberculosis and had gone away; never dreaming that her baby boy would wait nearly ninety years before joining her in the Great Beyond. No, home was not the same -- the home he so loved to recall. He was born in Rochester, but they were then on a farm out on the Salmon Falls Road where they had the Wentworths and Wingates for neighbors and the families -- the Tebbetts family and the Wentworths and Wingates -- had married and intermarried.

In his old age, Father liked to talk of them and tell stories of them and of the home he so loved, of the big, long room he called "the family room" where the family congregated in the evenings after all was made snug and tight for the long winter night. Back of the family room was the kitchen, which served also as dining room, and still back of that was the scullery where the rough kitchen work was done. Leading from the scullery was a long enclosed shed communicating with the outbuildings: the stables, cow barns, chicken houses, corded wood sheds, and so on, as protection against the heavy snows and cruel cold, for those who had to go out to attend to the family chores.

When the farm animals had been fed and carefully housed for the night, when the big logs of wood had been brought into the living room; after the basket of apples had been placed on the table and the jug of hot cider had been carefully placed before the fire to keep it hot; after the hired help -- some neighboring farmer's daughter -- had changed her kitchen apron for one of snowy white and taken her place in the family circle; after the mother and boys and girls and maid and dogs and cat were all comfortably fixed, the father took up a book, some standard work, and read to them. The children, too, were required, one each evening, to recite from memory some worthwhile gem. Milton seemed to have been a prime favorite.

Jonas, as he grew older, surprised the family one night by reciting most of L'Allegro from memory. This ability to memorize remained with him. Byron and Milton and Bobby Burns enthralled him. One tells of seeing him, late in life, standing erect, his head bared with the wind blowing through his silvery hair, watching a sunrise while murmuring:

"Night against the Eastern Gate,
Where the great sun begins his state."

After the reading and reciting came singing, led by Jonas' father's fine tenor voice, in which Jonas stood erect and joined, though having sat, still and silent, like a little corn cob, on his stool during the reading and reciting. He inherited his father's voice, not a trained voice, just a clear, pure natural tenor. A friend of later years, E. C. Boudinot, told of hearing him sing back in 1858 "Old Dog Tray", then a new song, "Emigrant's Lament", "Bonny Heavens, Oh'", "Paddy O'Bryan" and other songs of the day, and how thrilled he was at the purity and sweetness of his voice. Even in his old age it held true.

My mother was an invalid, had been sick a long time. In 1892 her physician told the nurse that she was failing rapidly and might pass away at any time, but Father had not been told. On coming into her room for the usual morning visit, she said, "You haven't sung to me for some time, dear. Can you sing this morning?"

"Certainly," he said, beckoning me and leading the way to the piano in the next room. Tears streamed down my face as I struck the chords he indicated and he began in that wonderful voice:

"Farewell, farewell to thee, Araby's daughter."

No matter if Araby's daughter referred to the city of Venice, it was, though he did not realize it, Father's farewell to his beloved wife with whom he had lived forty-five years, for by morning she was listening to a chorus of angels' voices.

Father must have been very young when he first started to school. They were living in town then and Miss Diffy, whose memory he loved, was his teacher. When, during the long school hours, he lost interest in the intricacies and monotony of learning to spell, A B, A B and put in the time nodding, she would call him to her and lovingly put him to sleep under her table, where she kept a little pillow for that purpose.

They were living in Rochester then but when they went to the farm, Jonas was sent to school at Dover. The morning he started, he and his father, who was to drive him over, were up before daylight, out at the stable getting out the horse, when they witnessed the great meteoric shower of February, 1833. Father was frightened and ran to his father and found him standing with uncovered head and face uplifted, repeating from Revelations 6:12-17 "and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely fruit, when she is shaken by a big wind." He thought it was the Judgment Day and seemed awed but not afraid.

Jonas had been to Dover before, though. On one memorably occasion he was permitted to go with some other boys to the annual military muster. It was a great day. The town must have taken on the aspect of a street fair, with exhibits of all kinds, a "Punch and Judy" show, the Fat Lady, the Snake Man, book and trinket stalls, eating tables and so on. The boys were to walk unless they could beg a ride from some passing wagon, and were up before daylight, too excited to eat much breakfast. So, on reaching Dover, Father who had been given money to buy refreshments and indulge himself in a few boyish expenses and take in a show or two, was tempted to buy a "slab" of gingerbread. Then after watching the maneuvering of the troops and looking around for a while, he happened on a bookstall and there he remained, spending all his money on books, one of which was "Alonzo and Malisse". There was no money left for food, no trinkets and no Punch and Judy show.

When he reached home that night, he was put to bed exhausted and in a high fever of excitement, but he held his treasured books tight in his arms until the family doctor came and bled him and said he thought he would be all right with day.

When a doctor was sent for in those early days, he usually first called for a pan to catch the blood, bled his patient, and then proceeded to find out what was the matter with him. In his old age, Father used to show his grandchildren the many scars on the inside of his arm, the result of many bleedings, for he was rather a delicate, high-strung little fellow and frequently needed the family doctor, and, no doubt, needed more blood than the physician ever took from him. But it was the fashion then to bleed a patient. It is said that Washington was bled to death, many doctors being called during his last illness, and each one that came bled him until there was no blood left in his poor body.

After going to school at Dover for a while, Father was sent to an academy at Alfred, Maine then to Philips Exeter Academy at Exeter, New Hampshire where he finished his schooling. He treasured every minute of his stay there and must have been a hard student and was devoted to the memory of Dr. Abbott.

Father wanted to go to Harvard College, but we find among his notes in the old chest, that he says "poverty forbade."

His ancestor Henry Tebbetts and his wife, Elizabeth, came from England in the good ship James in 1643 and they scattered their children up and down the New Hampshire coast and up the Piscatiquis River into Maine, as fishermen, owners of fishing banks, sailors, shipbuilders, and in time great ship owners and heavy carriers. The sea was white with their sails and their ships heavy with cargo from France and England. But the Embargo Act put a stop to all of that. The hammers in the great plants were silent and their ships lay rotting in home harbors and their fortunes went down with the trade of the country.

When Grandfather explained that to him, saying that the family had never regained their fortune and that he was not able to send him to Harvard, this tall slender boy of sixteen started out to fend for himself. He became a book agent selling "Doddridge's Family Expositor" a work explaining the intricacies of the Bible. He traveled through New England and must have been very successful for there are numbers of letters in the chest from his agent commending and encouraging him.

After several months of traveling through New England he was sent to Pennsylvania. He kept a diary from the time of leaving home, part of which is given. In reading it remember he is just a boy. Jonas closes his diary on January 9, 1838, with one sentence, "Nothing further to say at present."

Having toured Pennsylvania, part of Ohio, and having been sent to Louisville, Ky. to introduce a certain line of publications on March 21, 1838 he returned to Pittsburgh and found it "as dirty as ever and there is more noise."

Touring Westmoreland and Fayette Counties and visiting Washington, Pennsylvania, he regrets that he has not noted in his diary the many curious and beautiful things he has encountered, "Negligence, how wilt thou deceive me again," he writes. But negligence or ambition seem to have aborted his determination to continue the diary. There are only a few more entries.

Having been working very hard and successfully for several years, he had accumulated considerable money and he decided to enter the Western University of Pennsylvania, now the University of Pittsburgh, and continue his collegiate course.

On July 9, 1838 he writes, "I began to board with Mrs. Andress" at whose very desirable hostelry he met several professors of the University which resulted in his entering the university, not as a student, but as a teacher. He assumed the duties of instructor in English literature and Ancient History and Assistant in Latin and Greek. Quoting

from a letter found in the old chest, he said: "Here I succeeded very well. I had been an intense student, but I was intensely ignorant but no one knew it as well as I. How could a boy of eighteen years of age be otherwise?"

Pittsburgh was young then, too, hardly more than 30,000 inhabitants, and the University was still struggling with its swaddling bands, but was already making history.

During the time Father was associated with the University, he was also contributing articles to the old Pittsburgh Gazette, now the Pittsburgh Gazette Times. One can see that he had little time to make long entries in his diary.

On February 28, 1913 the Gazette Times sponsored a celebration of the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the University at which time an ovation was tendered Judge Jonas M. Tebbetts as the oldest living professor of the University, also as the oldest living reporter for the Gazette. "He was introduced from the stage by Dr. W. J. Holland and while the aged educator made a short address every person in the audience stood." He was then in his ninety-third year and was greatly overcome by the evidence of honor and respect shown by the immense congregation gathered.

Quoting from the Gazette Times, "Judge Tebbetts while working on the Pittsburgh Gazette wrote the first article on cutting down 'the hump', that steep hill on 5th Avenue that the city cut down in about 1912."

The Gazette Times reporter quotes the old Judge as saying: "I remember plainly standing on the hill where the courthouse now is and looking down toward the river where all of Pittsburgh was then located and making out my story, beginning with the words from Virgil's Aeneid, 'Ilium Fuit--Troy must go.'"

During this time Father was thinking and thinking hard. His mind kept reverting to that wonderful country he had gone over out west of Pennsylvania and especially to that great river, the inception of which he had so often witnessed at "The Point" in Pittsburgh where the turbulent Monongahela and the Allegheny Rivers join forces in forming the great Ohio. He had traveled on that river several times between Cincinnati and Louisville. He wanted to see it and the country around it again, unhampered, as no one's agent. He wanted to be all on his own. Moreover, he was not going to spend his life teaching. He was going to see what was in that great southwest and where that great river ran. And he was going to become a lawyer. How or when he did not know, but a lawyer he was going to become. So, severing his connection with the University, he started out again to breast the world, unshackled by thought of selling books or other things, his own man.

Again he left Pittsburgh and going over the route he had been several times, again found himself in Louisville, where he soon secured a clerkship on a river steamer that ran out into the Mississippi and up the Arkansas River. What that would lead to he did not know, but he was not standing still and it gave him an opportunity to see things and time to think.

One of the duties of his position was to select roustabouts for the boat, a very necessary thing, as boats did the heavy freight carrying, now often relegated to railroads. His method of selecting desirable men was unique. The applicant was required to sing. If he had a big, sympathetic voice, he was given a trial. All roustabouts chant during heavy lifting and, Father argued, better the singing, better the inspiration to work. Anyway he was said to have had a fine gang. An old river man said years after, the finest on the river, the envy of every other boat.

During one of these trips, the boat was held up at Van Buren, on the Arkansas River, then navigable up beyond Fort Gibson, because of some law suit in connection with the cargoes carried. Killing time and interested in the proceedings of the court, Father hung about the courthouse for several days and attracted the attention of the Judge trying the case--Judge George W. Paschall, who invited him to his house where, meeting Mrs. Paschall, she asked him to stay and have supper with them. The result of that visit was that the young man decided to remain in Arkansas and under the suggestion of Judge Paschall "read law with him and live in his family," that is "if you can make a bedroom and study of a little office room in the yard and detached from the house." He could. The idea of a separate and detached room coincided with his idea of hard and uninterrupted study. He learned, too, that "the house" was the residence. There was the barn, the stable, the carriage house, the cabins and so on, and "the house." Of course, he had a Negro boy who cared for his room and in a way acted as valet. That both amused and interested this Yankee-raised boy, but as he had come south to make his home, he decided to learn the manners of the south and soon forgot how to black his boots and brush the dust from his coat, as completely as though he had been born and bred in the sunny south.

All this was very well, had not sickness overtaken him, the curse of the river towns, villainous malaria fever assailed him and came near breaking his thread of life. The Negro boy did the best he could for him and the black mammies on the place came and soothed his aching head with toil-hardened hands, but oh! how he longed for the firm flexibility of a soft white hand.

In his delirium he called for his father and as large doses of quinine worked their way through his system, with the terrible ringing in his ears, he begged that the champing horses be taken from the room. "Why do you feed the horses here in my room? They champ, champ all the time!"

But he lived; he somehow pulled through the sickness but was left with chills and fever that lasted for eighteen months. In spite of that, he resumed his study as soon as he could sit up and was enabled to get his license to practice law by the time he was twenty-one years old.

Learning to be a lawyer in those days, out in the southwest anyway, was not the long drawn out affair of today, but there were lawyers. Surely there were lawyers then.

Doctors' bills, medicines, and the necessities of a long drawn out illness had depleted the boy's pocketbook. The first efforts at independent practice were pretty hard. He was very poor, "but it was no one's business but my own." He told no one but he hailed his first legal case with a hungry thought of a full meal, and soon he had the delight of turning all cases that could be cared for for under $10.00 over to some young lawyer not so fortunate as himself.

Success favored him at once. He was young, ardent, a great student, and possessed of that rare personal charm that is unexplainable and indefinable. That he held through life. During his last illness, when he was ninety-four years old, his physician said sometimes he could hardly get into the house because of children who had collected silently at the door, to beg him, "not to let the Judge die."

CHAPTER 2

Van Buren, where Father spent the first years of his Arkansas life, in 1841 was but a raw, southwestern river town, unpaved, unpainted and, like most southern towns of that time, cattle and hogs ran at large through the streets.

Father said that one of the most comical things he ever saw was a lot of intoxicated hogs. Someone had been making cherry bounce, and, after pressing the liquid from the fruit, still sweet and full of alcoholic moisture, threw it into a side street. The hogs found the mess, and fell upon it, imbibing to the point of inebriety. Drunk as lords were they--squealing, kicking, fighting and rolling in the debris--while the town gathered to see the show that ended in the street being filled with dead-drunk, sleeping hogs that impeded traffic through the street until the drunk was over.

In spite of drunken hogs and unpaved streets and mild-eyed bossies wandering unconcernedly through the main streets of the town near milking time, Van Buren had its charm. Letters from there, found in the old chest, give evidence of a higher degree of education and culture than is usually accredited to frontier river towns.

People wrote personal letters then, aside from those of strictly business import, long friendly letters written deliberately--no hurry, no rush to catch the mail, newsy and with a certain literary touch and elegance of diction, bearing the signatures of men whose names belong to the early history of the state. Young men, who, leaving stately colleges and finished social life, had anticipated Horace Greeley's advice to "Go West, young man, go West." These letters are restful. One can hardly break away from them.

In this small river town where the principal excitement of the day was the arrival of a boat, the identity of which was usually known before it turned the bend in the river, because of familiarity with the whistle, Father lived and, despite chills and fever, prospered. Soon after being admitted to the bar, he was elected clerk of the House of Representatives. In 1844 he was elected by the Legislature, State's Attorney. When the State Bank of Arkansas went into liquidation, the

Legislature elected him Bank Attorney for the Branch of Bank at Fayetteville which included all the northwestern part of the state. (see Journal of House of Representatives of 1848, page 437.)

This office he held for nine years until he made final settlement with the auditors of the state to the last penny and received his final discharge. (All the papers pertaining to this are on file in the chest with numerous letters from John M. Ross, financial receiver of the bank.)

In the meantime, his practice grew and remuneration was liberal, tho far from being on a cash basis. Texas, still an infant in statehood, held wonderful attraction for certain men who seemed in a hurry to get there, and if their progress happened to be impeded by an officer of the law, they were glad to pay a lawyer's fee with whatever commodity was at hand, which frequently was a fine blooded horse that had migrated mysteriously from a home stable in Missouri or Kansas, or even from the northern part of the state.

His practice grew rapidly and he represented the Cherokees, Choctaws and Creek Indians in many very important cases. For one of the cases, his fee was twenty Indian ponies. It was short work for the news to spread over town that twenty Indian ponies, some raw, unbroken animals and others showing saddle marks, were corralled in a certain pasture. The young ladies of the community got wind of it and decided to play a joke on Mr. Tebbetts. One begged the loan of a saddle-marked pony, then another was borrowed and still another, until every pony showing a shadow of having been broken to the saddle was gone and never returned. All of which relieved the perplexed owner of the trouble of disposing of the bunch -- the remnant being sold for a song to whoever would take them off his hands.

Once, as he followed the circuit, he was kept at Fayetteville for some time, and there, on several occasions, he saw a girl -- a tall, slender girl with soft, earnest dark eyes and an unusually clear, white complexion. She held books under her arm, and was evidently going to school. He did not meet her but learned she was Miss Matilda Winlock, and that she was spending the winter with her cousin Mrs. Harvey Stirman, for the purpose of attending Miss Sawyer's School, then in full operation. He learned also that she was living at Norristown, Pope County, down below Van Buren, with her sister Mrs. John Stirman, whose husband, Dr. Stirman, was her guardian.

Father did not meet her then, but he did not forget, and he made a point of getting acquainted with Dr. Stirman. The meeting between them was quite natural, there being frequent dances in the river towns and excursions on the river, with dancing on the boat.

Once in March 1847, while Circuit Court was in session, there was a picnic on Dardanelle Rock to which both Father and Judge S. C. Sneed--the Circuit Judge--were invited. After a long session and hard horseback rides from county to county, the Judge was tired and, dreading the thought of a mountain climb, declined the invitation; but as he was a great favorite among the young people, they insisted on his going,

promising him all kinds of help and many things to make him comfortable. Finally he agreed to go, with the proviso that something would be done to break the monotony of the afternoon--"A wedding," he said, "or something of that kind."

With a hilarious shout of laughter at his whimsicalities they agreed to do anything to insure his going and at once began pushing and pulling him up the mountain. The climb accomplished and the luncheon eaten, all were sitting enjoying the wonderful view from the rock; while the Judge, who had been half asleep, giving occasional little comical snoring snorts, setting the young people off into gales of suppressed mirth, opened his eyes and said, "Now is a good time for the wedding."

The electrified crowd that had forgotten all about the foolish promise, began protests; but they were given a serious lecture on the sacredness of a promise by the Judge, and he insisted that if they did not keep the promise, he would have been gotten up there under false pretenses.

The young men, wondering at his persistence in a joke, began trying to get the girls to stand up with them, with no success, until Father said to Mother, "Come help me out; I promised louder than anyone," and blushing and confused, she arose and entered into the absurdity of the joke with him.

Looking at them fixedly the Judge said, "Have you thought of this thing seriously?"

A shout of laughter from the crowd drowned the answer and the ceremony proceeded to the point of pronouncing them man and wife, when a pall seemed to fall over them all. Not a sound was heard until Mother's sister said, "'Til, what will the Doctor say?"

Not a thought was given to the fact that that ceremony was legal if one cared to claim it so. All Mrs. Stirman was concerned about was what 'Til's guardian might say if the circumstances ever came to his ears. The young friends knew, too, how strictly 'Til had been raised by her grandfather, William Buckner in Kentucky, and how, after his death, her relatives had cautioned Dr. Stirman, on sending her out to Arkansas, not to let her be contaminated by the rawness and newness of the country.

It was rather a subdued, less merry lot that went down the hill and when Mother reached home, she had no chance to get off by herself and have a good little, remorseful cry. It was a little town--such a little town--and Father kept hanging around.

That night--well, that night the moon was shining and they had a walk and Father asked her to marry him, and her answer, "I will have to see what the Doctor says," seemed to satisfy him.

The Doctor could not say "nay" to that ardent, handsome, successful young man. But Matilda was young, only seventeen. She should go to Miss Sawyer's school for another year, at least. They talked it over, pro and con, and finally tentatively agreed that they should be married late in the spring--about May 15th.

Father was very busy but he was terribly in love, and he had to follow the Judge into Yell County where, at Danville, a heavy docket was awaiting them. On leaving, he left a note for 'Til saying he would write from Danville. He did write, but the two or three times a week mail was insufficient, and he sent letters by whoever was passing.

"This day has worn off very slowly and I am in Despair that the week will ever come to an end," he writes. Again: "We had a great deal of business in Scott County. I saved one scamp from the penitentiary, but I must acknowledge that my attention to business is somewhat disturbed by attending on one court, and thinking all the time of another. I mean the court in which you are Judge."

Judge Sneed also writes: "I have known him count some twenty times the number of days it would be before the 15th of May. I heard him say not an hour ago, '43 days from now.'"

On March 29th, still in Danville, he writes: "The business of court will end here by Wednesday, when I shall start for Scott County." By the 8th of April I shall be in Van Buren. If steamboats are running, I shall be in Norristown by the 17th of April, and if no steamboats are running, I shall go on the outside of a horse, and if the horses are all dead, I shall go on foot. I shall hope to meet the smile of her who is dearer to me than the light of Heaven, before I go to Fayetteville.

"How resolute I have proved myself! I intended going to Fayetteville before returning to the Dardanelle, but now I am determined that I must see my dear Mat first."

Then he begs, hoping she will not be offended--"Norristown is such a little place," to send him a memorandum of such things as Van Buren might supply that she is needing, "Quality, quantity, etc. etc. When I cannot trust my own judgment, I will get the advice of some lady acquaintance to aid. Do not hesitate."

For be it known, Van Buren was the mart of the district. From far and near, from neighboring towns and plantations, fine ladies came to buy and learn the latest fashions.

On April 8th he writes: "I arrived in Van Buren from Scott County about fifteen minutes ago. I have just returned from the post office with your letter of the 5th inst. in my hand. I should be almost ashamed to confess with what excitement I broke the seal. Will you pardon my candor when I say that the first word I read gave me pain? 'Mr. Tebbetts!' Did I expect to be thus addressed by 'Miss Winlock?'" and so on.

Mother's quaint, little, timid first love letter, however, gave him comfort by reassuring him that she loved him, and before the close of his letter, he is begging her to fix an earlier date for the marriage--when in fact he goes down to Norristown on the 17th.

"I know the suggestion will take you somewhat by surprise, and will thwart some of your plans. But will it not be as well, perhaps better, for you to come up with me, stay a day or two in Van Buren, and then go

on to Fayetteville? I Learn that some 300 new cases in favor of the State Bank have been instituted in the Washington County Court. These will require my attention before the Washington County Court comes on, and Mr. Pulliam has gone to Kentucky and the whole bank is left in my charge. This circumstance I could not foresee. But still, your wishes outweight every other consideration... I shall, therefore, go to Norristown with half an anticipation, etc."

Further on he writes, "We can make our preparations after we are married," and again, "Our friend (and a good true one he is) Judge Sneed, says he will expect us at his home in Fayetteville by the 26th of April."

There was no schedule time for boats on the Arkansas River. They came and went, not as they pleased, but depending on many things, an unusual time in freighting, a snag in the river, or a sandbar at low water, impediments of many kinds. So, one watched for a boat when he heard its whistle and the different whistles were as well known as if painted in red ink.

One Sunday morning, Norristown was obediently attending church and Rev. Mr. Taylor was just reaching the peroration of a thrilling sermon when there was a terrific blast from a steam whistle up the river. No mistaking that whistle, everyone knew to which boat it belonged, also they knew that that boat was to bring Father. Promptly, as if pulled by a string, every head in the house turned to see if Mother, who sat looking straight ahead, and whose unusually fair skin had turned dusky red, also heard.

Yes, true to promise, Father had come. Was Mother ready?

No, emphatically no. It would keep them hustling to get ready by May 15th.

Father had a serious talk with the Doctor. He had in mind and explained about those three hundred bank cases and the Washington County Circuit Court so near at hand, and the Doctor agreed with him that it would be impossible for him to get back by May 15th.

Another talk with Mother, who still insisted she could not get ready, "but," tentatively, "one order from New Orleans has come, and in it is a dress made to my measure to show the prevailing style, but it's a yellow lawn. Think of being married in a yellow lawn!"

But she was married in a yellow lawn on April 19th, 1847, by the Rev. Nathan Taylor to Mr. Jonas M. Tebbets, in time to catch the next boat up the river and, in time, they landed at the old hotel in Van Buren, where Father had made his home for several years.

Quick preparation was made to continue the trip to Fayetteville, 50 miles from Van Buren over Boston Mountain.

Father had two beautiful horses -- his own saddle horse and a fine blood bay with black points, that he had named "Filly-Bet," and which had been saved as a wedding gift for Mother, with new bridle and saddle and all equipment. Mother had learned to ride, almost as a baby, down

in Kentucky, and Father rode the Circuit from county to county. Why take the stuffy stage-coach to Fayetteville? Why not go by horseback, and let their luggage go by stage?

That is what they did, stopping at "Uncle Joe Bryant's" halfway road-house overnight. Uncle Joe knew Father well and liked him. Of course he could take care of them. "But," hesitatingly, "there is another bridal couple here and only one available room, but," exultantly, there are two beds."

When Father finally opened the door to his semi-dark bridal chamber, he had to ask which of the two beds held his wife.

The next day they reached Fayetteville and were greeted heartily by Judge and Mrs. Gregg.

And there begins another chapter in their lives.

(To Be Continued)

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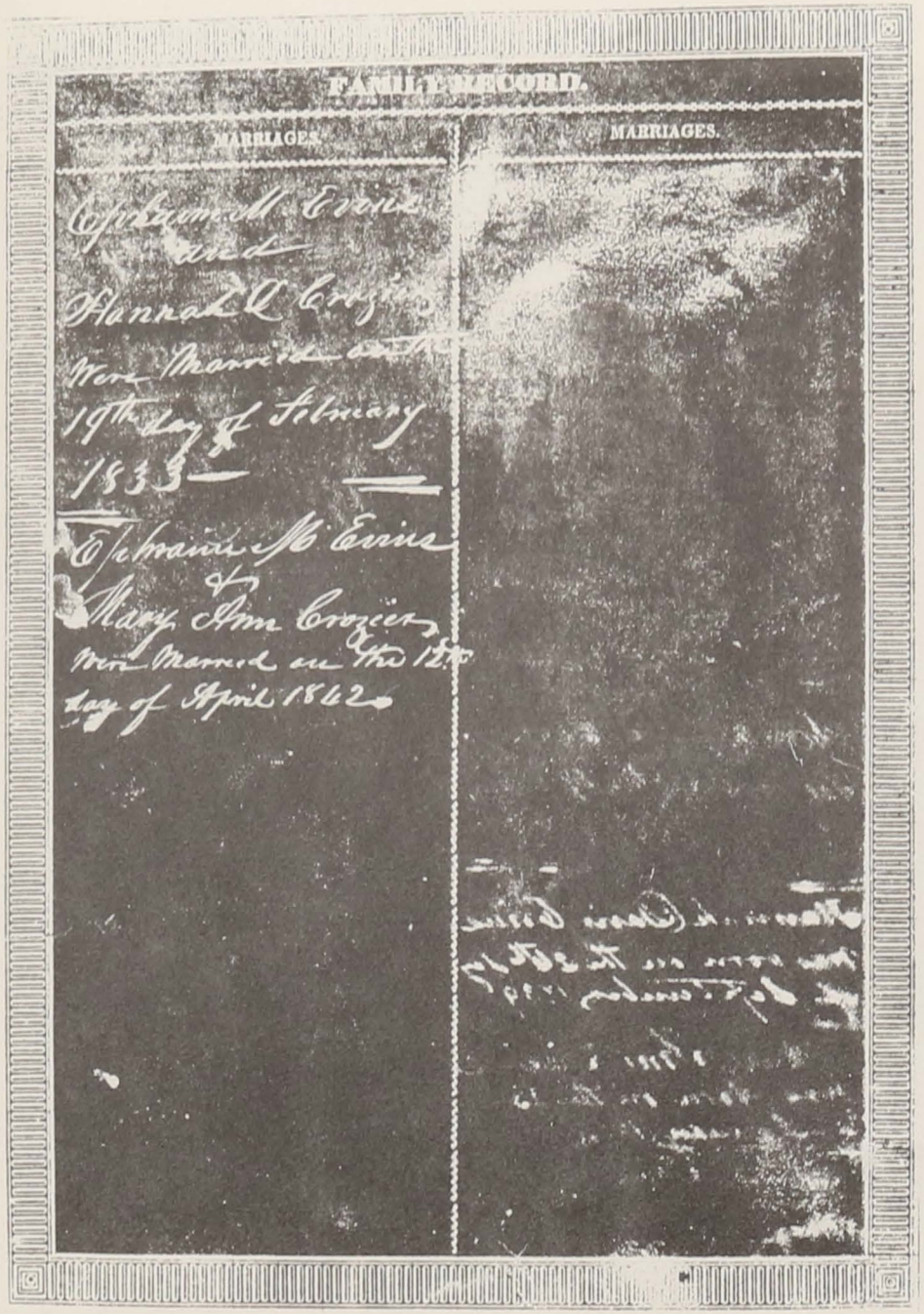
NEWS NOTES

Ernie Deane, of the U of A staff, and W. J. Lemke recently spent an afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Ted Galey in Neosho, Mo. Mr. Galey is a grandson of Judge Jonas M. Tebbetts, who built the Headquarters House on Dickson St., Fayetteville, in which our Society is now being settled. Mr. Galey gave us the loan of his grandfather's records, which we are publishing serially in Flashback. The records name the builder of the historic house, a man named Baker, who also built a duplicate of the house, across Dickson St., for Robert Graham, president of old Arkansas College. This is the Lawson corner, now occupied by Hatfield's car lot (1968). We knew that two of the Graham children died and were buried on that corner. Their gravestones are now in the keeping of the Christian Church. What we didn't know, until Ted Galey told us, was that Judge Tebbetts had two sons who died in infancy and were buried on the family lot.

- wchs -

Our Secretary, Deane G. Carter, is at work on the history of Central Methodist Church, Fayetteville. He would welcome information and especially photos of the preachers of years ago. If you are interested, write him a letter (c/o WCHS, Box 237, Fayetteville). This, of course, is just another labor of love, for those of us who remember the past, and are grateful for the present.

- wchs -



FAMILY RECORD.

MARRIAGES.

Ephraim M. Ervin
and
Hannah D. Crozier
were Married on the
19th day of February
1833

Ephraim M. Ervin
&
Mary Ann Crozier
were Married on the 12th
day of April 1862

MARRIAGES.

FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

Elizabeth Eleanor Ervin
was born on the 24th day
of November 1833

Arthur Alexander Ervin
was born on the 23rd day
of March 1835

Hugh Crozier Ervin
was born on the 18th
day of August 1836

Sarah Jane Ervin
was born on the 19th day
of July 1838

Hannah Davis Ervin
was born on the 20th day
of September 1839

Mary Smith Ervin
was Born on the 23rd day
of January 1843

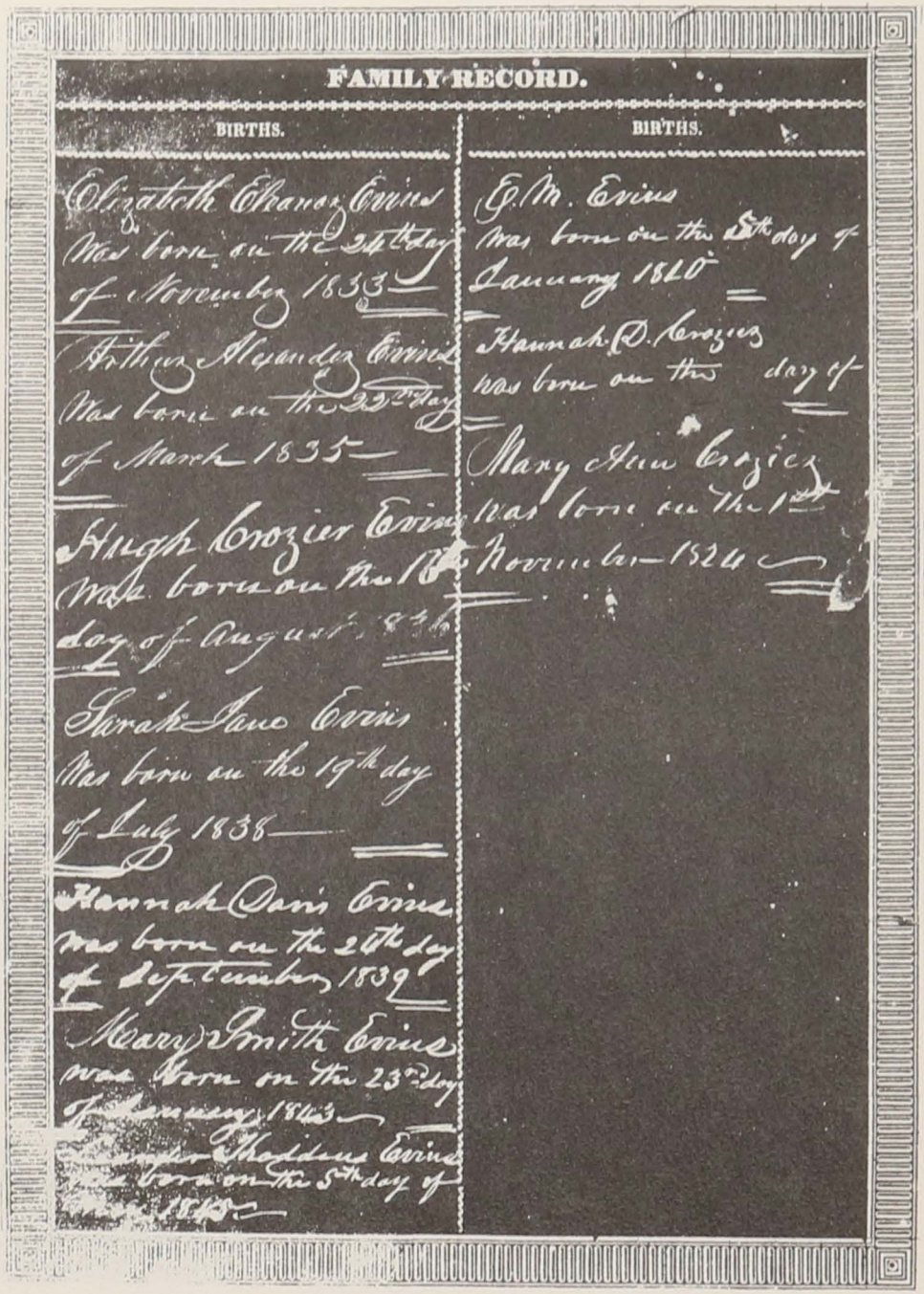
Thaddeus Ervin
born on the 5th day of
1845

BIRTHS.

E. M. Ervin
was born on the 5th day of
January 1810

Hannah D. Crozier
was born on the day of

Mary Ann Crozier
was born on the 1st
November 1824



FAMILY RECORD.

DEATHS.	DEATHS.
Hannah C. Ervins Departed this life the 26th day of September 1839	Hugh C. Ervins departed this life on the 4th day of February 1872
Hannah Davis Ervins departed this life on the 16th Sept 1841	E. M. Ervins departed this life April 25th 1880
Saml Nesbit Ervins departed this life on the 19th of June 1850.	
Margaret Catharin Ervins departed this life on the 23rd of October 1852	
Leander Thaddeus Ervins departed this life on the 4th day of May 1855	
Julia Ardelia Ervins departed this life on the 4th day of October 1855	
Mary C. Ervins departed this life on the 22nd day of April 1865.	

FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.	BIRTHS.
Anne Eliza Ervins was born on the 2nd day of April 1847	Eulalia Mattison Ervins was born on the 8th of April 1861
Samuel Nesbit Ervins was born on the 11th day of December 1848	
James Leland Ervins was born on the 11th day of August 1850	
Margaret Catharine Ervins was born on the 13th day of February 1852	
Julia Ardelia Ervins was born on the 31st day of August 1853	
Nelson Theodore Ervins was born on the 17th of November 1856	
Louisa Josephine Ervins was born on the 31st day of October 1858	

EVINS FAMILY BIBLE

(Editor's note: For a long time we were unable to get any information about the early Evans (Evins) family in the western part of our county. So we were much pleased when one of our WCHS members, Felix A. Kimbrough, an expert genealogist, wrote us as follows:)

Dear Mr. Lemke:

Mr. J. R. Kimbrough, long-time resident of Oklahoma City and a first cousin of mine, ceased his labors 30 December 1964. Ethel Kimbrough and I have plied him with many questions relative to his mother's ancestry. All he ever told us was that his grandfather was Ephraim Evins, whose father was Theodore Evins.

The wife of J. R. Kimbrough passed away 1 June 1958. A shallow drawer of the buffet in the dining room was long known as being the place where his wife kept remembrances. Among the remembrances found there were several pages from a Bible printed many years ago. The pages are brittle with age and the earliest date shown on them is 1810. It appears that the record keeping was started in 1833 and that the 1810 date was recorded at a later date.

There are some 30 recordings on these pages. The mother of J. R. Kimbrough passed away 1 December 1939, and it is believed that she had given these pages to his wife to keep. His only daughter did not know of the existence of these pages until recently.

The records on these Bible pages show his mother's name as Louisa Josephine Evins, but to the best of my knowledge Louisa had always been contracted to Lou. She was known to the kin as Aunt Lou. She was born 31 October 1838 in Washington County, Ark.

The spelling of the name was originally Evans. Differences of loyalties of the Evans family during the Revolution induced this branch of the family to change the spelling to Evins.

Descendants of this family still live in Washington County, Arkansas. Some members of the family are in the area of San Antonio, Tex. Some of the given names shown are maternal surnames and indicate the Evins family of Washington County, Ark. had ancestors who lived in Virginia, North Carolina, and possibly Tennessee or Kentucky. A few descendants live at Stillwell, Okla.

Felix A. Kimbrough, Blanchard, Okla.

(Editor's note: We are glad to get this information about the Evins family along with photo-copies of records from the Evins family Bible. Now if we can learn the story of our county's first sheriff, Lewis Evans, who operated a store on the Indian line in 1828 and for whom the town of Evansville in our county is probably named, we will consider our research successful. -- WJL)

ROBBINS

by Mrs. Malvin Stewart, Rt. 4, Box 321, Huntsville, Texas

My Robbins (Robins) families were in White River Township, Washington County, before 1839. These people came to Texas in 1839 because their crops were destroyed by an overflow of White River.

The oldest Robbins in my line so far is "Old" Nancy Robbins, who came to Texas at the age of 95 in the year 1855. She settled in Williamson County where two of her sons and maybe more settled several years before she came to be near them. She lived only a few months after coming to Texas.

Her granddaughter Nancy (Robbins) Harrison was my great-grandmother. She married Daniel Harrison in 1839--I do not know where. Daniel was in Texas by 1835 by his own testimony on a land grant he received from the Republic of Texas in 1838. Nancy (Robbins) Harrison's father was George M. Robbins who was 58 in the 1850 Williamson Co., Texas Census. He was born 1792 in Kentucky. His wife was Orry (?) Robbins, age 55 on the 1850 census of Williamson Co., Texas. She was born 1795 in Tennessee. They had nine children as follows:

Henry C. Robbins, age 32, born 1818 in Arkansas
Nancy Robbins, age 30, born 1820 in Arkansas
Joseph R. Robbins, age 28, born 1822 in Arkansas
Jane F. Robbins, age 22, born 1828 in Arkansas
George Samuel Robbins, age 20, born 1830 in Arkansas
Lemuel R. Robbins, age 17, born 1833 in Arkansas
Aurey (Mary) Robbins, age 15, born 1835 in Arkansas
Catherine Robbins, age 13, born 1837 in Arkansas
Sallie Robbins, age 8, born 1842 in Texas

The will of George M. Robbins names Nancy (Robbins) Harrison as their daughter and the wife of Daniel Harrison. "Old" Nancy Robbins states that her husband fought in the Revolutionary War. (I need his name.) He was from North Carolina.

Most of these Robbins families lived near Bear Creek outside of Georgetown, Texas. They came from White Rover Township outside of Fayetteville, Washington County, Arkansas. On the day the 1830 Census was taken in Washington County, Ark., there were these heads of families: John Robbins and Richard Robbins.

John Robbins and wife were in Henry County, Ky. in the 1820 Census. They were from North Carolina and were of the age to be "Old" Nancy Robbins and her husband (I need proof).

The 1840 Census of Washington Co., Ark.--this was the year after the big move of the seven Robbins families to Texas in 1839--the heads of families were: Henry Robbins, "Old" Nancy Robbins, Richard Robbins, Aaron Robbins Sr., Aaron Robbins Jr., Enos Robbins.

George M. Robbins and wife Orry were my gr-gr-grandparents. Their daughter, Nancy (Robbins) Harrison was my gr-grandmother. Nancy (Robbins) Harrison's daughter, Mary Jane Harrison, was my grandmother. My father was Robert Thomas Burns Sr., a lawyer here in Huntsville, Tex., and is buried here in Huntsville, as is my mother who was Montie Owens before her marriage to my father.

EVA ATWOOD: R. N.

by Thomas Rothrock

Two of Eva Atwood's great-grandfathers are at rest in the Springdale, Arkansas, vicinity. John Wesley Wilson is buried in Wilson cemetery; Simeon Atwood, in Friendship Cemetery. Eva's grandfather, Evans Atwood, a physician and a Confederate officer during the War Between the States, was a prisoner for four years at Sandusky, O. and on Johnson's Island in the Chesapeake Bay. Being exchanged at Richmond, Virginia, at the War's close, barefooted and with no transportation, it took him four months to reach home a short distance southeast of present Springdale. In 1898 he moved to Texas, died and was buried there. He was a Mason, being the first secretary of Springdale Lodge 316. He helped build the old Shiloh Baptist Church.

Eva Atwood was born in Hot Springs County, Arkansas, the daughter of Robert Lee and Ada Shockey Atwood. When she was only three months old the family moved back to Springdale. She attended the old Central Grade School and the old high school where Central School is now, never missing one day during these years because of illness. M. F. Croxdale was Superintendent of Schools and there were eleven graduates in Eva's high school class: James Marks, Gus Daily, Bess Farley, Bess Nichols, Eva Lichlyter, Pearl Hewitt, Blanche Sturdivant, Fannie Gillette, Lulu Todhunter, Willie Sullivan, and Eva Atwood. "What sidewalks Springdale had in those days," says Eva, "were of boards and it was the delight of the boys to tear them up on Halloween."

At the age of seventeen and against her parents' wishes (she had to borrow money for train fare) Eva went to Little Rock to take nurse's training at the Little Rock Sanitarium, now non-existent and on the grounds presently occupied by the Baptist Hospital. "There was very little surgery and no obstetrics," recalls Eva. "In the fall the wards were always full of malaria patients. In the winter it was pneumonia, and nearly all of these patients died. In the summer it was typhoid patients, most of whom starved to death because the doctors wouldn't let them eat. There were no rubber gloves, no sterilizers. There were only three specific drugs: quinine to cure malaria; sulphur for the itch, 606 as cure for syphilis, which proved to be almost useless."

Following two years' training, Eva came home in 1909 to work for Dr. C. F. Perkins and Dr. Frank Young. By now, surgery, as Eva expresses it "was picking up some," Dr. Perkins having brought surgery down from Chicago with him. He had an operating table and a steam sterilizer which he took with him and performed the operations in the patient's home. Eva went ahead to the home to make necessary preparations where the operation was usually done in the kitchen. In 1912 Fayetteville's City Hospital opened with Miss Ruth Riley as the first superintendent, then it was not necessary to do as much surgical work in homes. Eva now worked as a private nurse, covering three counties--Washington, Benton and Madison.

"There was much typhoid fever in the Springdale area at the time," she says. "In fact, I nursed one family with five cases of typhoid at the same time."

In 1917 Eva went into the Service as an Army nurse at Camp Pike, Arkansas; and in the early summer of 1918 sailed for overseas. The ship was the Leviathan, the former German passenger liner Vaterland, with 12,000 American troops aboard. "Flu" struck and 89 soldiers died during the five or six day voyage, and were buried at sea. Two nurses died en route but their bodies were sent home. Eva nursed all the way over.

"A boy had to have a temperature of 104 degrees to even get into the sick bay," she relates. "The boys who waited tables were all service men and regularly spilled food on us--partly because they didn't care. All we nurses put on our raincoats to go to eat. It was no pleasure trip."

Eva was stationed at Base 60 at Bazoilles, Vosges Province, France. The Meuse River ran behind the base and in the river valley were seven units with 2,000 patients to the unit and 100 patients to each ward. Base 60 was within sound of the guns.

"We were an evacuation hospital," says Eva, "and kept the boys only five or six days, depending considerably on how fast the casualties were coming in. When our ward was cleared out and the first one of the next 100 boys arrived we knew what type of case we would get, for they would all be the same for that group--whether it would be head wounds, chest wounds, leg wounds, or whatever type it was. Then we would get the equipment for that type of wound. There was plenty of equipment for the base. The Red Cross and the Knights of Columbus gave us some help at Base 60.

"There was plenty of food, too, although some of the orderlies had some fun about the meat. 'The guns were busy last night,' one of them would say, 'that old grey pack mule that went by here yesterday, we'll have him for mess tomorrow.' Sometimes during mess someone would call out 'Whoa!' and everyone would stop swallowing."

For a period of six weeks, Eva was with a group sent from Bazoilles to Beaune south of Dijon to help establish hospital bases there. At Beaune was the oldest hospital in all France. Eva was there for Christmas and was unlucky enough to have an attack of quinsy at the time. Determined to go to the Christmas party in her ward, she was forbidden by a doctor to walk there from the nurses' quarters.

"My orderly at that time," says Eva, "was an ornery little rascal from the guardhouse. He got a wheelbarrow and I went to the Christmas party in a wheelbarrow. He also swiped milk for me to drink while I had that quinsy."

Returning to reminiscing about Base 60 at Bazoilles, Eva states that it was not all work and no recreation there. "We nurses were the only American women in that part of France," she relates, "as there were no women's service organizations like the WAC's then. At Gondrecourt, a few miles away, was a big hangar. American soldiers were stationed there who had not gotten to the front and seemed to feel themselves disgraced. Almost every night some of them would come over to Bazoilles and beg some of us nurses to come over to Gondrecourt and help

Miss Eva Atwood, R. N.,
Springdale, Arkansas
World War I

See article by Thomas Rothrock
beginning on. next page.

them hold a dance in that big hangar. 'What truck do you want,' they would ask, 'a Nash or a Quad or a GMC?' We learned to go in an ambulance. Gondrecourt is the home of Charles DeGaulle."

Of course there was also sadness at Base 60. It could not be otherwise. All the boys who had died during the past 24 hours were buried at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. They were buried in rows: Jewish boys under the Star of David, other Americans under white crosses, German prisoners in their own section at the back of the cemetery. German prisoners gave no trouble; they seemed glad to be out of the fighting. The women at Base 60 always attended the funerals when possible.

Guy Claypool Stafford, an associate editor of The Springdale News in the years immediately preceding America's entry into World War I, was at one time a patient at Base 60. He and Eva visited the grave of Clarence E. Beeley, one of the men for whom the Beeley-Johnson Post, American Legion of Springdale, is named. Clarence's mother sent Eva a letter from his chaplain which located the grave.

In the summer of 1919, Eva came home to America on the former German ship, the Kaiserin August Victoria. A sister ship, the Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm, made the Atlantic crossing at the same time and the vessels were close enough for the passengers and crews to call back and forth. It was the morning of July 4, 1919, when Eva came back to Springdale, and Battery A, 142nd Field Artillery arrived at the same time.

"I had several weeks of accrued leave," Eva relates, "and had to stay in uniform until my leave time was up. So several of us nurses who had been overseas together rented a cabin on Lake Michigan and enjoyed a six weeks leave. Then I came back to Arkansas to Sparks Memorial Hospital in Fort Smith where I stayed most of the time for 35 years. I held every position the hospital had to offer. At the time, all the mines in western Arkansas and eastern Oklahoma were open and the miners' union had a contract with Sparks. There were lots of emergencies from accidents in the mines and these emergencies finally took their toll of me and I left Sparks.

"From there I went to the Wildcat Mountain Branch of the State Sanitarium near Fort Smith where I stayed for four years. Wildcat was closed because there was no longer a waiting list and no longer a need for this branch sanitarium. New Medicines cured tuberculosis, and it became generally known that surgery was beneficial for T. B."

Following her work at the Wildcat Mountain Sanitarium, Eva came home to Springdale because of her mother's illness. After her mother and father were gone, she went to work at the Springdale Migrant Camp, then under the supervision of the United States Department of Agriculture. There was a clinic at the camp and every child there had to take immunization against typhoid, small pox, diphtheria, whooping cough. No dogs were allowed in the camp. A doctor came every morning to the clinic, local physicians each taking a week's duty.

"When the migrant camps were closed for the winter," Eva remembers, five of us nurses from over the United States who were engaged in this work, went to Fort Bliss, Texas, to check Mexican laborers returning

home from work in the United States. They arrived a train load at a time and we had them two or three days while we checked for contagious and infectious diseases. When we were all through with them they were locked in railway coaches and the coaches were not unlocked until the train had crossed the border into Mexico. Two Mexican majors were stationed at Fort Bliss to search the laborers for weapons and to change their money. They were lovely Mexicans and every night tried to get some of us nurses to cross over into Mexico for sightseeing and entertainment."

During the last year that Eva worked at the Springdale Migrant Camp, she developed arthritis severe enough to place her in a wheelchair. However, she was able to discharge her duties in a competent manner. She has been active in the Springdale Memorial Hospital Auxiliary from the beginning. She was voted a Pioneer Citizen by the Springdale Junior Chamber of Commerce in 1957, and was elected to the Arkansas State Nurses Association Hall of Fame in 1959. She still has a connection with the Sparks Memorial Hospital in Fort Smith in that she is on the hospital School Advisory Committee, and has been instrumental in sending girls to the hospital's training school for nurses. In 1966, Eva was presented with a Life Membership by the Beeley-Johnson Post, American Legion, for her outstanding service to the Legion. There are two brothers: Clyde of the Springdale home, and Charles of Baltimore, Md.

"It is my belief," says Eva, "that I have lived through the most interesting period of nursing, and I have known many leaders of the nursing profession. When I went into the Service in 1917, there was no x-ray machine between Springfield, Mo. and Fort Smith, Ark. Dr. Frank Young had a hand-cranked one in his Springdale office and it took all the strong men in town to turn the thing. It was rigged up on Sunday morning because there was not enough help at any other time. My mother dislocated a shoulder, and Dr. E. F. Ellis of Fayetteville made arrangements to have an x-ray picture made at the Engineering Building at the University of Arkansas.

"When I first went to Sparks Hospital, there was not an x-ray machine in Fort Smith nor a laboratory either. Ward beds in the hospital were $1.00 per day. No one knew but the administrator who the charity patients were.

"The so-called 'wonder drugs' were a revelation to me. Miracles were performed. Insulin for diabetes; immunization vaccine for polio; cures for T. B. Pneumonia, once called the 'Captain of the Squad of Death,' is usually now cured in a couple of days.

"All the thoughts that I have about my profession are good thoughts."

- w c h s -

"The Elm Springs Methodist Church" by Thomas Rothrock is the newest in our Booklet series. This record of the church, famous for the preachers it has supplied, is filled with names of men and women who lived in the Elm Springs area. Price - $1.25 postpaid.

POETS INSPIRED BY LOCAL HISTORY

Edsel Ford on army leave in Paris.

(Editor's note: This is the second of our series about poets who received inspiration from our local history. No. 1 was Gene Shufors and his epic "Sonata for a Southern Town." No. 2 is Edsel Ford's verses about Pea Ridge. Both Shuford and Ford are graduates of the University of Arkansas. No. 3 in our series will be Rosa Marinoni with her poem about the Tebbetts (now Headquarters) House, which is the home of the Washington County Historical Society.

I'm proud of all our area poets who got some inspiration from local history. I wish one of them would write, in meter and rhyme, about my home on East Dickson St., Fayetteville, which was part of the pioneer McGarrah farm. And the Big Spring is still running, as it did in Territorial days.—WJL)

EDSEL FORD: Return to Pea Ridge

(Editor's note: In 1963, Edsel Ford published a booklet entitled "Return to Pea Ridge" which contains seven of his poems. We have selected several of these verses for reprinting in this series of northwest Arkansas poets who were influenced by local history. No. 1 in the series appeared in the November Flashback. It was "Sonata for a southern town" by Gene Shuford. We plan to continue the series indefinitely.

(Edsel Ford was born Dec. 30, 1928 in Alabama but grew to manhood on a farm just across Little Sugar Creek from the Pea Ridge battlefield, the scene of many of his poems. A journalism graduate of the University of Arkansas, Ford served two years with the U. S. Army in Germany where his poems appeared in Stars and Stripes. His two books of lyric poetry, the prize-winning Manchild from Sunday Creek (1956) and Thicket of Sky (1961), are both out of print. Ford's poems have appeared in more than 140 periodicals. The picture that accompanies our Flashback article shows Ford at the Eiffel Tower in Paris, on a leave from the Army. -- WJL)

Return to Pea Ridge

Spirits remembered are not spirits dead . . .
Now in this peaceful place I pause to name
Each man who fell unknown, each man who bled
His way to glory. Theirs was not the blame,
But driven by some inner source of pride,
Each must have known while dying in this lea
His sacrifice would somehow fit the wide
And widening pattern of a destiny.

How cold that other March time must have been!
How bleak those wooded fields in the attack!
I stand now where a thousand nameless men
Laid down their lives in war, and, looking back,
I know I must remember -- I must give
A name to every one that he may live.

(Editor's note: In his "Return to Pea Ridge: Seven Poems" Ford gives names to the soldiers whose battle experience he describes. In a footnote he writes, "You will not find Gil Daniel or Ben Simmons or Henry King or Sam Twiggs in the history books. But you will recognize them, if you care that much."

(One of my favorite Ford poems is "Winton Spring, with Fog" which appears in this collection. I am reprinting it on the next page. I first saw the Winton Spring on the battlefield in 1928 and have seen it many times since.

(Edsel Ford now lives at 2021 South "R" St., Fort Smith, Ark.--WJL)

Winton Spring, With Fog

Here in this pearl-gray morning I perceive --
Dimly, as through an old man's memory --
Ghosts that the afteryears of battle leave.
You on the hill there, Colonel! Can you see
Two men approach this spring from separate ranks,
One dressed in blue and one in ill-starred gray,
Each unaware, creep down the sedge-brown banks
For this sweet water on a bitter day?

And do you see one (matters not which one)
Grow tense to see the other fall inert
To take a big sweet draught, then raise his gun
To cut him down? I don't. I see him skirt
The great spring cautiously, and kneel inside
The ring of waves bewildering and wide.

General Curtis to His Brother

Cross Hollows, Arks.
February 25, 1862

If one would kill well, he should have
A less familiar place to kill.
I grieve to put a man to grave
In such a well-acquainted hill.

This upland Arkansas recalls
Our boyhood in Ohio's wood.
I should prefer to take my spoils
In other country, if I could.

The grapevine swells amid the brake
Where I am camped, and every dawn
To sweet remembered song I wake
From Childhood days too early gone.

And soon the dogwood trees will spread
Their budding branches green and wide
As if to hide the hurt and dead
And comfort us who cannot hide.

Brother, we must fight, I know.
My men cheer Right and Liberty.
But ah, I find a troublous foe
In hills that look like friends to me!

This will be all; I must not stay.
Write to me, saying what you will.
I shall not write again, I pray,
From such a well-acquainted hill.

SOME HISTORY ABOUT PREHISTORY

by Deane G. Carter

"We have managed to destroy the passenger pigeon, the buffalo, the whooping crane; most of the wild ducks, sage hens, key deer, grizzly bear, moose, virgin timber and fresh water. We have all but vanquished the American Indian, and now it seems, we are taking all traces of his past.

"It must be time we stopped and took stock of ourselves. We are not endowed as richly in natural things as we once were and it seems we are soon to be endowed with nothing more glorious to see than concrete and steel of our own making. Can't we save just a few pieces of our own wondrous past for our kids to see?"

The above from a note sent to the University of Arkansas Museum by Jerry Johnson of Little Rock, expressed the feelings of a great many people of Arkansas as they became aware of the rapid destruction of the homesites, artifacts, and even the burial places of the long-vanished races that had lived here before DeSoto explored the territory, before the birth of Christ, and perhaps as far back as 7,000 years BC.

There was little concern over the years about prehistoric materials. A mound was leveled here and there; field cultivation uncovered pottery, bones, and stone axes, and a ditch carved out by heavy rains exposed a half dozen arrow heads. But all of this changed as the loss of archaeological material became serious, especially after World War II, when new roadways were cut and graded, power dams were built and reservoirs flooded rock shelters and caves, and virgin land was plowed, shaped and seeded for farming.

Most destructive of all, so far as prehistory was concerned, was the land-working on the more level lands, where scrapers, land planes, and bulldozers undertook to clear, level, and drain the ground for power farming. It was estimated that many thousands of Indian sites would be destroyed and that all would be virtually wiped out in another 20 years.

It was this critical situation that aroused archaeologists and others interested to action to gain some control of sites, provide for orderly research and guard against vandalism, or careless digging, or "Pot-hunting." It took four or five years of intensive effort on the part of the individuals and societies concerned with preservation to solve the problem.

The first legislative act in Arkansas provided for research or survey but no funds were appropriated; a bill was vetoed that would have given some protection to sites rich in artifacts; all that could be done was to work with such agencies as the Park Services, Science Foundation, highway departments and U. S. Engineer Corps on "salvage archeology" to save what could be gotten ahead of construction or earth working.

Now, in 1967-68 the situation has changed. Arkansas suddenly stands out in the national picture for having a near-ideal arrangement for finding, exploring, salvaging, preserving and displaying the archaeological materials that are found in such abundance in Arkansas. This comes about under the Archeological Survey legislation, enacted and funded by the 1967 legislature and the governor.

With only some eight or ten months since the law became effective, a competent organization has been set up, and five professional archeologists are at work on the program (along with the necessary non-professional staff) and five more "survey archeologists" will be employed within the next several months. Miss Hester Davis, formerly Curator of the U of A Museum, and a member of the Washington County Historical Society, is now State Archeologist in the new program.

History extends so far back into the past that it overlaps the archeological or prehistoric phases; archeology comes down into near-modern history. For example, one of the first projects of the Arkansas Archeological Survey is a planned exploration of Fort Curtis, the Civil War feature set up by Union forces in the defence of Helena in 1863. It is hoped that earthworks, structures and other features and relics may be studied, mapped, and reported in detail before the site gives way to progress in the form of a parking lot.

Washington County is particularly favored by the Survey program, partly because of the great amount of prehistoric material to be found in this and adjacent counties, and also because the headquarters of the Survey will be at the University of Arkansas.

And for a model in cooperation, it should be known that all members of the Survey are officially on the staff of the University; and presently, with full cooperation, a staff member is located at Henderson State College, Arkansas A M & N College at Pine Bluff, and Arkansas State University, respectively. Others will be stationed at the other state-supported colleges as they are employed.

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If interested you may join the Arkansas Archeological Society, University of Arkansas Museum, Fayetteville, Ark. 72701; or for a society with a limited area and frequent meetings, you may wish to join the Northwest Arkansas Archaeological Society, P O Box 1154, Fayetteville, Ark. 72701. Dues in either society, $3.00 per year (both societies, $6.00).

- wchs -

Our 1968 WCHS membership card carries pictures of Buchanan Hall and Gray Hall, under the heading "Gone But Not Forgotten." With the rapid changes on the University campus in the past few years, our Society has begun a collection of old photos and U of A publications and solicits contributions for this collection.

- wchs -

WHITE RIVER NOTES BY F. M. McCONNELL

A Bridge Is Much Better Than Fords

During 1967 a new bridge was completed across Middle Fork River at the Henry Fawbush or (earlier) the Allie Gilliland ford. This bridge connects highway 74 with 71, about two miles north of West Fork, and the road is paved from Ridge (Mineral Springs) to 71. Highway 74, from Stokenbury corner via Elkins, Sulphur City, Carter's Store and 71 at Hutchens Creek, about one mile south of Brentwood, is soon to be paved.

The west end of this bridge rests upon a high bluff and the fill at the east end is built up so that there is never any danger of high water. In fact, almost every farmer has a pond or a lake, so that, when a rain falls these ponds and lakes are filled, and by the time the water gets down to the creek there is not enough left to overflow the bottom lands like it used to be.

So far as the writer knows, this creek was there a long time before either Henry Fawbush or Allie Gilliland, whose wife was Josie Mankins. And, so far as the writer knows, De Soto and Columbus never heard of this ford. At any rate, a long time ago there was a road along the west side of the river which permitted people to ford Parker Branch and Middle Fork at the old Hicks Hole, if you were bound from Parker Branch where Rev. Riley Jones, Pleasant Parker, Ephiham Ramey, and others lived, to Carter's Store. Or, if you were destined from the vicinity of Carter's Store to Fayetteville, you could come down by Hicks, Lee Mill, Baptist (Reese) Cemetery and ford the river lengthwise above this ford and both south and north of the Peter Mankins place. Or, if you were destined from Trace Valley, where John W. Edwards, E. L. Swonger, W. W. Handshew, and others lived, to the Aaron Hanna Place and Sulphur City, you would ford this river.

Many of these old roads, where there once were fords, have now been closed. There is no road along the west side of the river, none down the river by the Peter Mankins place, none down the river from the Baptist (Reese) cemetery, and none north of the Reese place via the Aaron Hanna place. Everyone can cross the bridge now.

Another Old Timer Is Gone

Lewis N. ("Poley") Hodges lived on Cove Creek, a little south of the old Morrow Cemetery, both his house and the cemetery being on the east side of the creek. He was born June 24, 1877, and died Dec. 6, 1963. He married Minnie Lee Quinton, who was born at Strickler, Arkansas. He formerly lived at Hubbard, Arkansas, and sold eggs to Nelson Mallicoat who used to run a store at Hubbard, which was on the Illinois side of the mountain. Eggs were sold at 6 cents per dozen.

When "Poley" Hodges was interviewed July 17, 1963, he stated that after a rain he could go down to Cove Creek and pick up a handful of bullets, where they had been fired as the Confederates retreated from Prairie Grove towards Van Buren, as many of them used the Cove Creek Road. "Poley" was related to Dr. Hodges of Garfield, Arkansas, later of Rogers, who had a son, also a doctor at Rogers.

(Note: We are holding several short articles by F. M. McConnell to be carried in later issues under the heading of "White River Notes.")

SOME OLD CLIPPINGS

One of our members, Mrs. Roy Nix, has sent us a number of old clippings which we found most interesting. We are reprinting some of them in this issue and will publish others in our future numbers. (In connection with the reproductions of Dr. W. B. Welch's medical college enrollment cards, which appear in this issue, here is the account of Dr. Welch's marriage as it was published in one of these old papers:)

Wedding Announcement

"Miss Julia A. Garside and Dr. W. B. Welch, both of Fayetteville, will be married in Colorado Springs, Colo. on Thursday, where Miss Garside has been spending a year with her sister, Mrs. Turley. The ceremony will be performed at Grace Church at 6 o'clock tomorrow evening and the bride and groom will leave immediately after the wedding for Saratoga and Niagara Falls.

"Their friends wish for them the happiness that they both so richly merit. Dr. Welch is one of the most prominent physicians in northwest Arkansas and no man stands higher in social or religious circles. Miss Garside possesses every quality of heart and mind that is calculated to form a beautiful character and is as bright and cultured as she is true and good.

"Dr. and Mrs. Welch will sail from New York for Liverpool on June 14 and will visit the noted cities and places of interest in Europe before they return to Fayetteville in September."

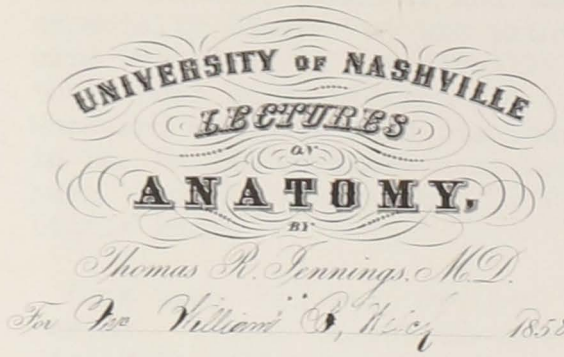
- - - -

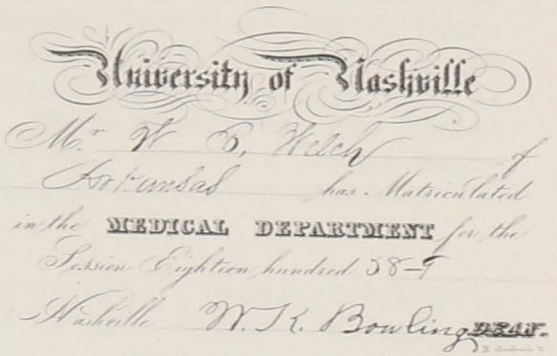
Col. T. M. Gunter is Laid to Rest

"One of the largest congregations that ever assembled in this city gathered in St. Paul's church yesterday to attend the funeral ceremonies of Col. T. M. Gunter. More than a hundred Masons were present and the bar of all surrounding towns was represented. The pallbearers were Capt. E. B. Harrison, Hon. E. B. Wall, Judge J. N. Tillman, Prof. B. J. Dunn, Judge Frank Hill, Dr. Otey Miller, W. P. McNair and J. W. Massengale. The honorary pallbearers were Col. J. L. Cravens, Judge J. D. Walker, Dr. J. L. Buchanan, Maj. B. R. Davidson, Judge T. H. Humphreys, Col. A. S. Vandeventer, Atty, James Rice. The floral offerings were profuse and magnificent.

"After the burial service was read by Rev. J. B. Whaling, rector of St. Paul's Church, Prof. A. H. Purdue as Worshipful Master conducted a Masonic service in the church. The Masons and lawyers marched to the cemetery, a guard of honor following the hearse. Mr. Whaling concluded the services at the grave as provided by the church and Rev. N. M. Ragland offered a prayer. The funeral was then given over to the Masons and the Worshipful Master conducted a beautiful and impressive service.

"Col. Gunter was one of the few men of force and character who have lived without enemies; it is hardly extravagant to say that everyone who knew him well loved him, and his friends were as numerous as his acquaintances. Brave, courteous, chivalric and sweet-tempered, his influence in this world was surely counted to him for righteousness. His bereaved children have the sympathy of the entire community, who are with them in their irreparable loss."




University of Nashville
Mr. W. B. Welch of
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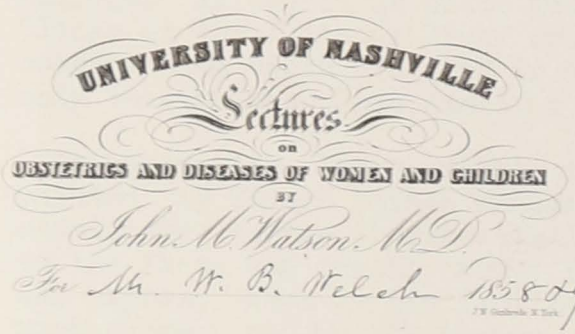
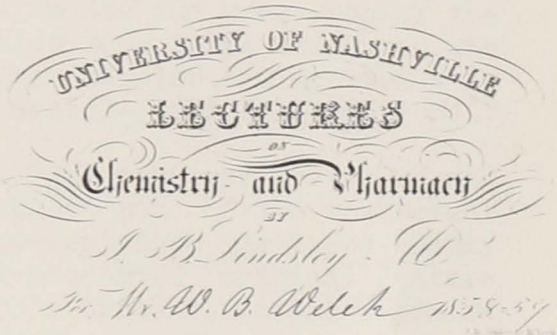
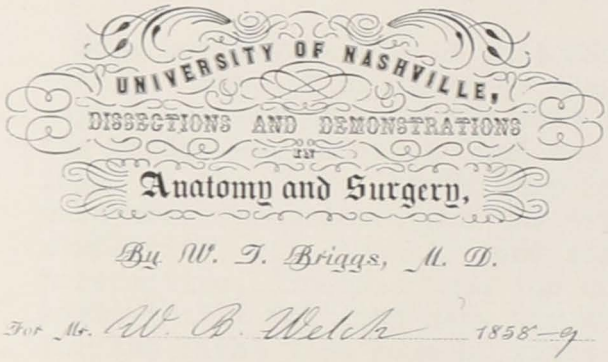
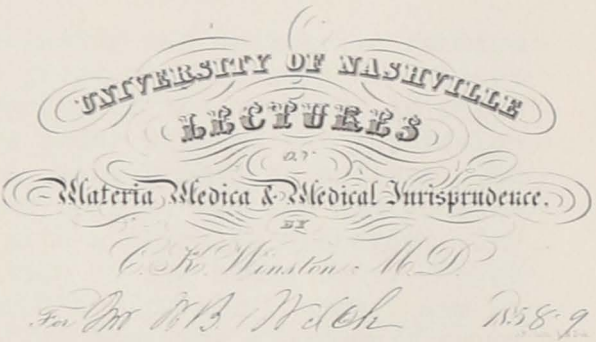
Nashville W. K. Bowling DEAN.









These are six of the 12 enrollment cards that Dr. W. B. Welch received when he was a student in the Medical College of the University of Nashville in 1858. We have other Welch records that we will publish later. As we were readying this page for Flashback, we received a number of clippings from Mrs. Roy Nix that she had found among the Nix memorabilia. One of these clippings reports the marriage of Dr. Welch to Miss Angie Garside. We are reprinting it on the next page.—WJL

POPE COUNTY HERITAGE, "THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER"

by Mrs. Harry Dodd, Russellville, Arkansas

(Editor's note: I have long been an admirer of Cephas Washburn, pioneer Arkansas preacher and teacher. I am also interested in his sons especially Edward P., who painted "The Arkansas Traveler" and J. Woodward who lived in Fayetteville before the war. The Reed family bought their home on W. Dickson St. (where a shopping center now is), from J. Woodward Washburn and his Cherokee wife. These Washburns are buried in the Polson cemetery near Southwest City, Mo. The Rev. Cephas Washburn and his artist son, E. P., are buried in Mt. Holly cemetery in Little Rock.

(Not much has been written about the Washburns' Washington County period. Cephas taught classes in the Fayetteville Female Seminary, in Cane Hill College and in Ozark Institute at Mt. Comfort. Also, he operated a farm in Benton County. My guess is that Edward P. Washburn accompanied his father on occasional trips to Cane Hill and may there have met Wm. Quesenbury ("Bill Cush") who taught painting in Cane Hill College. If so, it is quite possible that he saw the grog shop of the Clicks at the Illinois River crossing, which some folks think was the original log cabin pictured in "The Arkansas Traveler." I mention this only because Mrs. Dodd mentions it in her article that follows. --WJL)

To begin with, let me recall to you that "The Arkansas Traveler" was painted by Edward Payson Washbourne, youngest son of the Protestant missionary to the Cherokee Indians. My presentation is based mostly on the facts and truths found in the well-preserved original letters and papers, kept by the families of Edward's brother, Josiah Woodward Washbourne, and by his sister, Corinne Washbourne Thompson. Some of these letters, now over a hundred years old, are in the archives at the Old State House in Little Rock, some of them in the possession of Gen. Lee Washbourne of Oklahoma, and some handed down to Mrs. Lindsay Hatchett through her mother, Mrs. Susan Dodd Henry.

Some critics have said that Edward's painting was mediocre. Perhaps that is true, if we judge by some of the great masterpieces of ancient days, but not if we place them in the period of the century in which the artist was painting and the teachers under whom he sat for training. In the 1800s there were in America many primitive artists who were unselfconscious, had the try-anything spirit, and who did so with simplicity, wit, honesty and sometimes with a charming disregard for perspective, dimension and the configuration of the human body. I must admit that I felt the same way about Edward's "Traveler" when I saw it for the first time some 40 years ago. After spending a number of years in Williamsburg and seeing many displays of early American art, I now know better.

Another "ugly" aspect that was projected, and continues even as of today, is that the picture has held Arkansas up to ridicule throughout the country and given the state such a poor image that no one could afford to be proud of it and of him, except perhaps his mother and his brothers and sisters. There is no question but that his brothers were proud of him--and so publicly stated it. In an unpublished letter to his wife, his brother J. Woodward says: "Quesenbury (known as Bill Cush) knows that Eddy will be a great artist some day and he can appreciate him."

After Edward's untimely death, Quesenbury wrote an obituary and in it, among other things, he said that in his opinion Edward was the first painter in Arkansas, and that the "Traveler" was one of the four pictures really illustrative of western life.

The Arkansas Gazette of March 2, 1855 says: "Edward Payson Washburn has only lately returned to Arkansas from the east where he spent some months in the School of Art for the improvement of his natural gift as a painter."

Another aspect of the "ugliness" charge was that following Edward's death the copy sent to New York could not be found for many years. In an article from the Arkansas Gazette, written by Bernie Babcock, that appeared on June 18, 1950, it is stated that following an interview with the owner of the painting, that (and I quote) "Certain parties had contracted and obtained permission to make reprints of 'The Traveler' and the owners would be paid a commission on sales. Not one penny has ever been paid." In no way did the family ever receive one cent of remuneration for this famous painting. This copy, if such it was, was completely changed from the original, with many changes, and worst of all, the dog wasn't an Arkansas hound. That was the greatest offense of all!

When J. Woodward Washburn was in Washington, acting as special agent to the Cherokees in 1866, he wrote to his wife in a letter of Jan. 30: "Jno. D. Adams was here yesterday. He has undertaken to get a man who will find the 'Arkansas Traveler' for me."

In another letter, at a later date, he wrote: "I do hope I will be able to get these pictures for the sake of my dear brother's memory, the most sacred thing on earth to me, and to put into my aged mother's hand the gold that will lift her from the tired, hard, and heartbreaking life now weighing her down to the grave."

On April 6, 1866, he wrote to Susan, his wife: "I have not heard anything further from Ed's picture, but I have friends at work. Had I the time to spare here, I should go there and hunt myself."

He died in 1871, 5 years later. Perhaps if his life had been spared he would have had success with his search. Now, let's talk about the "untrue" (or possibly "unproved") things in the newspaper story. There is the headline, "Where Is the Original Arkansas Traveler Painting?" As far as the family was concerned, the "original" was hanging on the wall right here in Pope County in the George Black house. It had been around a long time. This paper shows a copy of the "Traveler" painting painted by Fortenberry, in color, which went to the Centennial Exposition, placed in the Arkansas building in Philadelphia. As you can see, this was the "Arkansas Traveler" in the spring--the trees were in full leaf, but the squatter still had on his cape! This particular painting now hangs in the History Building at MacArthur Park today. A caption says that "the black and white survives, but a second painting in full color has disappeared." No one of this generation ever heard of a second painting in color, as done by the artist himself. It is known that Currier & Ives got into picture production of the "Traveler" and "The Turn of the Tune." The latter was on the frame when Edward died and was almost completed, except for the face. These prints

at first were sold for $2.50 each, but dwindled in price as the years went on. Today they are a collector's item and bring a pretty penny when found and sold.

Another angle to be developed and perpetuated by W. J. Lemke, editor of the Washington County Historical Society at Fayetteville, and found in the State Archives, is a paper written by Mrs. Zella Hargrove Gaither, in which she indicates that Edward Payson Washburn plagiarized his idea for the "Traveler" from a sketch hanging on the wall of the Johnson County clerk's office at Clarksville. She claims that a very talented deaf-mute, John Wesley Woodward, who came to the county in 1848 made a pencil sketch within that year or perhaps to 1856. He became editor of the Democrat later. She further seems to be "reliably informed" for she states and I quote: "Actually there were two canvases of this picture. The original was given his Mother and was inherited by his sister. From correspondence between Capt. John Homer Scott and Dr. R. L. Dodge of Little Rock, we find that the first painting was made at the Washburn home near the Dwight Mission locality in 1858 and 1859."

Would you believe it if I show you a xeroxed copy of an original letter written by the artist himself, to his brother J. Woodward, dated July 6, 1856, and mailed from Rocky Comfort, Ark., after a return from New York of J. Woodward? I quote you the following from Edward's letter: "I am glad you enjoyed yourself so well in New York. I should have given anything to have been there with you & I will have a thousand questions to ask when I see you about Eliot & other places. I think it probable that I will be there myself this winter to lay in a good supply of materials etc. and see about getting the ARKANSAS TRAVELER engraved and see what is going on in Art."

Mind you, this is a good two years before the family got together in 1858 which also is well documented, so it IS a possibility that he did make another painting of "The Traveler" in 1858 as told by his brother Henry E., Alfred and his sisters--Corinne and Abbe W. Langford. Henry's letter, written after the death of his father and Edward in 1860, which appeared in the "Arkansian" during the month of July of that year, so states, but it is a possibility that none of them knew about his first, or the 1856 painting about which he wrote to J. Woodward. Mrs. Gaither claims also that the second painting was done in 1860 but it seems more reasonable that this was "The Turn of the Tune", which was unfinished at Edward's death. Another article in this pamphlet, written by a James P. Neal, a lawyer who claims to have had close contact with the family, provided the thought that Edward visited at the home of Rev. Andrew Buchanan in 1835, when he was nine years of age. There was one mistake here, for he gave Edward's birthdate as 1826 but the family Bible says he was born in 1831, which would have made Edward only four years old at the time. Knowing Edward's mother from the family letters and traditions of the family, I doubt very much if that young man would have been out of Abigail's sight, much less on an extended visit for any length of time, for he was the "apple of his mother's eye" as well as the pet of the family.

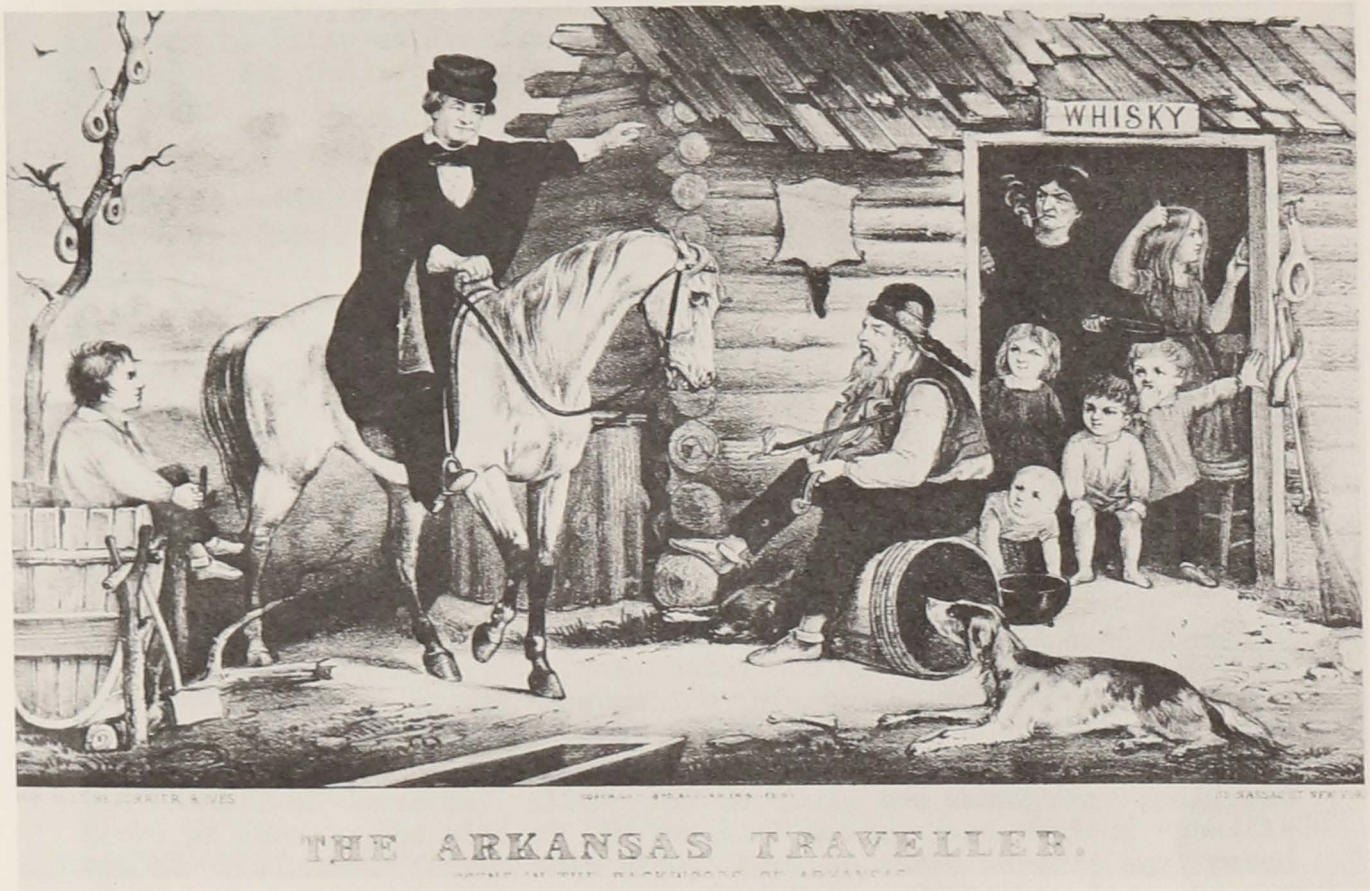
Mr. Neal claims also that a log cabin owned by the Click family near Prairie Grove who sold whiskey, and carved with a knife or some sharp instrument, a sign over the door, was the model for Edward's log cabin.

From Henry's letter we do know that the painting was in the Norristown home of the family in the year 1860, for he writes: "Our home is hung around with brother's paintings. I look up, I see his own dearly loved face and other portraits, just as he placed them. But alas! his and father's portraits and the 'Traveler' hang covered with crepe."

We could go on and on with comment on the different stories that have appeared through the years, but let me remind you that so many were written by people who never knew the family and when one error crept in, it became fact--and never can a completely "true" story be advanced now. Perhaps the best thought would be to rely on what Mrs. George Black told a reporter when he interviewed her for his article in the Arkansas Gazette Nov. 20, 1919 Centennial. That reporter was Charles T. Davis, and this is what he wrote: "The picture is purely the work of imagination, according to the best available authorities. No models were used, according to the brother's account, and Mrs. Black, who remembers distinctly her mother's accounts as an eye witness of the work of the artist, says that the scene, the setting and the characters were created out of fancy.

Mrs. Black inherited the picture of the Traveler from her aunt, Corinne Washburn Thompson, who lived with her for many years here in Russellville. "Aunt Tinnie" as she was called must also have known personally all about the picture and told it to others. She died 34 years after her brother, and in these years the painting must have taken quite a beating. Some way, it was folded and put in a trunk, thereby causing a deep crease. The paint dropped off from the canvas--but no small wonder, for from various articles that appeared from time to time, it was sent into Little Rock for display purposes. We know that it was in Vinita, Okla. in the early 1900s, for it went with the Blacks when they moved there for a short time. Many of you here remember it on a wood frame hanging on the stair wall at the Blacks'. It is quite possible that some of you were in the classes that would all tramp into Mrs. Black's living room, come rain or shine, brought there by their teacher. It was not at all unusual for strangers to come from far and near, knock on the door at all hours and ask to see the original "Traveler" for it was known throughout the country. For years and years this went on, even when there was much sickness in the family. One member of the present generation of relatives remembers taking the "Traveler" to school, at the request of the principal, to display to the pupils. You can imagine such an old painting and the precariousness of its trip. That it survived at all is a miracle. This interest and aggravation went on through the years until the death of Frank, the last member of the Black family. He willed it to his cousin, Miss Corinne Dodd.

It was decided then that the "Traveler" and all the important things that had been kept in the family should go into a spot where it could be seen by many people, so in 1957 the "Traveler" went to Little Rock to the Arkansas History Commission, along with invaluable original letters, comments, et cetera, all "gratis". The only provision requested was that the "Arkansas Traveler" be restored. It is regrettable, but the one who did the restoration did what was considered a poor job by many experts, and although an effort was made by another expert in the field, the restoration of the painting brings sadness to the hearts of those to whom it was so dear because it belonged to a place, to a time



Reproduction from a copy of the Currier & Ives print

—wchs—

On the following pages appears a new account of the Traveler painting and the artist who painted it, Edward Payson Washburn. This account was written by Mrs. Harry Dodd of Russellville. We are publishing it with Mrs. Dodd's permission.

(As our readers know, the Washburn family lived in Washington County for a time. The father, the Rev. Cephas Washburn, taught in our pioneer schools and chartered Far West Seminary at Mt. Comfort. Also, he did some farming across the Benton County line. His career here is well documented but not much is known about the boyhood of his son Edward, the painter of the "Traveler". Mrs. Dodd's article supplies some new information from the Washburn family letters.—WJL)

and a relative. "The Traveler" hangs in the Research Room, not seen by very many people now, but honored as Arkansas Memorabilia of an early time and era, and almost forgotten for it is not accessible to the general public. But no matter where it hangs today, it was painted by a Pope Countyan, and it came into being all because the Washbourne family came to Arkansas Territory to teach, to preach, and to build a better world for God's people.

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(The foregoing paper was given by Mrs. Dodd before the Senior Citizens Leisure Hour Club in Russellville. I'd like to add a few personal notes. I first saw the original painting of "The Traveler" in the Black home at Russellville about 1930. I went down there with two of my students, Marvin Hurley and Johnny Erp. As I remember it, the picture was folded in a drawer. It was on that same trip that I went to Little Rock and talked with Zella Hargrove Gaither. Mrs. Gaither was the widow of a Confederate officer and lived in a rooming house across the side street from the Albert Pike Hotel. Mrs. Gaither was a writer and historian. She was much interested in Edward P. Washburn and, as I recall, had information about his Fort Smith period and his visits to Clarksville. But nothing about the Washburns in Washington County.

(The Washburns have caused me a lot of headaches, but I love all of them, because they figured prominently in my early indoctrination in Arkansas history. If the readers are interested, here's how I got involved. One of my students of 40 years ago in the U of Arkansas journalism department, Marvin Hurley (now executive secretary of the Houston Chamber of Commerce) first told me about the Washburns and first drove me down to the site of old Dwight Mission, just west of Russellville. I'll never forget that ride, because there weren't any paved roads and when Marvin told me to go left I turned the car left and got hung up on a boulder. So I had to get out and pry the boulder loose with a fence rail. We finally reached the site of the early Cherokee Mission and explored it thoroughly. Amglad we did, because the entire site is now under water.

(Later, G. R. Turrentine, another Russellville historian, sent me a photostat of the original map of Dwight Mission. What the Pope County folks didn't know was that I was more interested in the Washburns and their sons in Washington County. I knew that the Rev. Cephas Washburn had founded the first Protestant school in Arkansas at Dwight Mission, 6 miles west of Russellville, and that his son was the painter who had produced the original "Arkansas Traveler." But it was later that I learned about J. Woodward Washburn, a Fayetteville resident before the Civil War. I had visited all their graves, J. Woodward & Susan Washburn at the Polson cemetery just across the line in Oklahoma, and the graves of Cephas and his son Edward P., in Mt. Holly cemetery, Little Rock. -- W. J. Lemke)

- wchs -

Among the recent visitors to our WCHS office was Mrs. Roxa Dismukes, of Westville, Okla. Mrs. Dismukes' grandparents, the Manns, operated the hotel at Cane Hill in the old days, and she herself still owns the hill on which the first Cane Hill College stood. Mrs. Dismukes is now writing a history of Cane Hill which the U of Oklahoma Press plans to publish.

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

"Early Settlers of Cane Hill" -- This booklet by one of the pioneers Mrs. Ellen Richardson, has now gone through two printings, and we are out! Even when I misnamed it "Early History" the orders kept coming in, until the last copy was sold. By good fortune, most of the stencils were saved, so we are having a new cover printed, and this classic local history will be available once more. The cost will be the same, $3.00 postpaid. Now, please get your orders in before this printing runs out.

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Our Society has published a 50th anniversary booklet about the 127th Field Artillery, the first Washington County troops to serve overseas. Most of the information came from Col. C. M. Mobley of Washington and Col. J. F. Thompson of Little Rock. The pictures came from several sources, especially from Mrs. Lowry Walker of Springdale, daughter of Col. W. G. Ownbey. World War I is only 50 years past, but we know the difficulty of getting information and pictures from World War I days. Our National Guard booklet sells for $2.00; only 200 copies printed.

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Ella B. Hurst, Distinguished Citizen of last year, is now living near her daughter in Paso Robles, California. (That's why we missed a fine lady upon a fine horse in the Homecoming parade last fall.) But she wants us to know she is happy that we obtained the Headquarters House to help preserve the beautiful landmarks of Fayetteville.

- wchs -

LETTERS FROM READERS

The history of the Elm Springs church is most interesting. In addition to the Elm Springs preachers you mention, there is one more, Marion Nelson Waldrip, who was pastor at Elm Springs early in his ministry and later was pastor of the Methodist church at Fayetteville. Back in the days of the chautauqua he was on the Redpath Circuit and lectured at the Springdale chautauqua.

In answer to your query about the double tombstone shown in your book, William Deaver and John McCamey were not related, just friends. George William was my father's half brother and Dad always referred to him as Billy. The story as told to me by my Dad was that these two boys were on their way home on furlough from the Southern army. Some miles northeast of Elm Springs they were overtaken by the damn Yankees, bushwhackers, or some other enemy. Their horses were taken from them, the boys were killed, and their bodies, together with their saddles, were piled on a brush pile and burned. As soon as the news of their death got back to Elm Springs, the sisters of each boy went after them in an ox cart. Their bodies were wrapped in a sheet and buried in a single grave in the Elm Springs cemetery.

-- D. D. Deaver, Springdale, Ark.

- wchs -

LETTERS FROM READERS

I am helping my sister on some family histories and noted in your list of WCHS members (November Flashback) these names: Anderson, Duncan, Hanna, Montgomery, Rhoten, Terry, Williams. If any of these folks are interested in the history of their family, I will be glad to hear from them.

Mrs. Stella Odle Lusby
Route 2, Box 150-A, Prague, Okla. 74864

- wchs -

The Parkers and the Bradshaws. Mrs. E. T. Wetzel, 3618 4th St., Brownwood, Texas 76801, wants to know about "the T. L. Parker family, of Brentwood and Winslow of the 1870-1893 era. Also some Bradshaw information. The Parkers were in Rutherford Co., Tenn. and Maries Co., Mo. (1830-1860) years before going to Washington County, Arkansas. Thomas Lewis Parker married Mary Caroline Bradshaw in 1867. They were my grandparents. I have a Parker Family Bible record that I can xerox or copy the names. I am sending a check for membership. Some borrowed issues of Flashback prove to me what an interesting and informative publication it is."

- wchs -

An Interesting Memo from 1888. We are indebted to Rylen M. Rudy, Wichita, Kansas for a dim and yellowed sheet dated September 19, 1888, and with the name Bill Stafford signed to it -- a series of verses, apparently an original composition. I doubt if all the verses can be deciphered, and if so, they might not hold the reader's attention all the way through. But a verse is presented here as a sample:

My name it is Bill Stafford,
I was born in Buffalo town.
For nine long years and over
I've traveled the world around.

I've seen both woe and misery
And some good days I've saw
But I never knew what misery was
Till I came to Arkansaw.

- wchs -

The St. Paul Branch. Mrs. Fannie Carrigan, Elkins, Arkansas, asks several questions about the rail line: Where did the line terminate when first built? Was it at Patrick -- first called Powell? What was the name first given to the station we know as Pettigrew? Why doesn't some one write that history? (Editor: Good idea. Who will volunteer?)

- wchs -

Mrs. Curtis Vaughan has a good suggestion: First, that since so many families have ancestors who lived in Madison and Washington counties, that both counties should have their early histories collected and published. (Editor: Washington County does; what about Madison?) It is always exciting to receive a new issue of Flashback..."

Robert E. Stockburger, Jr., a member of WCHs, who lives at 2900 North 42nd St., Waco, Texas, says, "I have about 200 pages of information on the forbears and relations of John Calvin and Martha Reed Stockburger, most of which has never appeared in published form, and which I would be happy to share." (Mr. Stockburger sent us a summary sheet showing several generations of the family of John and Sarah (Leinback) Stockburger, the grandparents of John Calvin Stockburger.)

- wchs -

Justen B. Simpson, 1311 Mountain Lake Rd., Dallas, Texas 75224, writes "Words cannot express my happiness after discovering in your November issue the complete history of my family. Unfortunately, I was the last born to an old family and by the time I was old enough to ask questions there was no one around to answer them. Clara Kendrick solved the problem -- she is a first cousin I did not know existed. My branch, Jesse Simpson, moved to Dallas about 1884.... My brother and I are now planning to visit our new-found cousin Clara. Thank you so much."

- wchs -

Nora L. Sharlow, 408 Sequoia Ave., Monteca, Calif. writes, "I am looking for a genealogy of the Hash-Stone family, my great-grandparents. Stones came from Montgomery County, Mo. Melissa Hash was born in Sangamon Co., Illinois. She and Joseph Stone were married in 1848. Their children were America Elizabeth, Henry Newton, Frances Lafayette, Nancy Ann, Keziah Melinda, and Melissa Wright -- the latter my grandmother. She married John Redding Byas, in 1882. Does this family have a genealogy? I would also like to know the death dates of John Stone and Elizabeth Isabella Wright, Joseph's parents; also burial place. They came to Washington County in 1837 or 1838.

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Mrs. J. Burl Cox, Tahlequah, Okla. has a plan that more should follow. She enjoys the Flashback, then "each issue is placed in the library at Northeastern State College where it is read by many students and staff members, as well as visitors." Do your copies get saved and re-read?

- wchs -

Mrs. Walter V. Lemon, Eureka Springs, Ark. has a similar plan. Hers is to "read each issue carefully -- they get better and more interesting with every issue -- then copies are placed in our public library for others to read."

- wchs -

Gene E. Cobb, 502 Dewar Drive, Rock Springs, Wyoming 82901, says, "All who work on Flashback need more than a pat on the back." Then he gets to the meat of his request: "I would like to write to anyone who knew of or about my mother, Mary Ann Crawford, daughter of F. E. Crawford of Cane Hill, and Issa Steel Scott Crawford. May I have the addresses of anyone who might give me information?"

- wchs -

QUERY

HAVE GENEALOGICAL INFORMATION TO EXCHANGE ON FOLLOWING WASHINGTON COUNTY, ARK. PIONEERS:

John MILLER, b. Ky 1793; m. Mary (Polly) ROBERTS: moved south of Fayetteville 1832; issue: Sarah Ann m. John Peerson; Joyn T. Miller m. 1. Francis Cone, 2. Eliza Jane Spencer; Stephen m. m. Martha ? ; N. Miller m. M.A. ? ; Mary Jane Miller m. Jos. Gage; Carroll Miller; Andrew Miller m. Elizabeth Rutherford; Geo. W.; Eliza.

Joseph D. MILLER, b. Ky 1795; m. 1. Eliza, 2. Cyrene PRUITT? from Montgomery Co., Ill.; moved 1832 to south of Fayetteville near present airport. Issue: Lucinda m. Samuel Mayes; Wm. M. Miller m. Martha Landers; John McDowell Miller m. Clarise Pruitt; Joseph D. Miller Jr. m. Elizabeth Paul; Hiram Rountree Miller m. 1 Rebecca Rutherford, 2. Mary Eliza Cox; Mary Miller m. Obed C. Cate; Phebe Jane Miller m. Orin Austin Phillips; Serena H. Miller m. Geo. C. Mayes; Sarah H. Miller m. Thos. M. Fine; Julia Miller m. Nathan Thomas.

William PEERSON/PIERSON, b. Carolinas 1789; m. Martha (Patty) from Fulton Co., Ill.; moved to Greenland, Ark. area 1832. Issue; Hannah Peerson m. Ethelbert Arrington; John Peerson m. Sarah Miller; Elizabeth Miller m. Rev. Wm. A. Ingram (Baptist); Jones Peerson m. Easter Reed; Eliza Ann Peerson; William Peerson Jr. m. Martha? Lydia?; Stephen Peerson m. Malinda Sherry; Martha Ann Peerson m. 1. Wm. Gilliland, 2. ___ Pruitt; Maryann Peerson m. Septemus Hyams; Daniel L. m. Martha Shury; Sarah or Sally Ann Peerson m. Isaac Harrison.

John PEERSON, son of above William, b. Gibson Co. Ind. 1814; m. 1833 to Sarah A. Miller; moved to Washington Co., s. of Fayetteville 1832 from Fulton Co., Ill. Issue: Arminda G. Peerson m. Chism Petross; Jane m. Wm. G. Privette; Mary J. Peerson m. W. R. Dye; Amanda E. Peerson m. Wm. E. Mayes; Wm. Carol Peerson m. Hannah Dixon; James Harva Peerson m. Mary E. Campbell; Jones Norman Peerson m. Mary Lichlyghter; Andrew Jackson Peerson (died young); Van Washington Peerson m. Mariah Fitzgerald; John Joseph Peerson m. Margaretta ____; Chas. Washington Peerson m. Josie Crider.

Samuel MAYES, b. Ga. 1808; m. Lucinda Miller; came to area south of present Fayetteville 1833. Issue: Joseph Mayes m. Sarah P. Collins; Emily Mayes m. John R. Wilson; Robert H. Mayes m. Charlotte Wilson, Wm. E. Mayes m. Amanda E. Peerson; Samuel S. Mayes m. Rebecca Ford; Franklin Mayes m. Garmania Belle Shreve.

Willia, Bennett HAXTON, b. Ohio 1824; m. Margaret Foote, b. Ind.1826; came to Osage Creek 1870, to Springdale ca. 1876. Issue: Elizabeth Catherine Haxton m. James Buell Slauter; Squire Newton Haxton m. Almeda Walker; Thomas Jefferson Haxton m. Telitha Ellen Schoonover; Sarah Frances Haxton m. J.A. (Dan) Armstrong; Lillie D. Haxton m. A. Y. (Pete) Wilson; Rose Haxton m. Wilse Gibson; Candace Mellissa (Tad) Haxton m. John Jasper Douglas; Nettie Haxton m. Lee Stonewell Petross; Wm. Levi Haxton m. Lizzie Nordurft; Jas. Edw. Haxton m. Gertrude Lieth.

C. Vale Mayes
201 W. Country Club Dr.,
Edinburg, Texas 78539

A Note on the Bean Family: This past year we visited Mrs. Floy Parrish of Rudy, Arkansas and while there read the article on "William Bean and Some of His Descendants." It was interesting as I am a descendant of John Bean of Exeter, N. H. Some time prior to 1830, the Nathaniel Bean tradition tells us, decided to change his branch of the family to Bayn. We attended the Bean reunion at Lincoln, Nebraska in July. We will not forget it as we met a lot of real people, or as they said, "cousins." A clipping we received stated that "the Bean article in the May issue of Flashback attracted the attention of the John Bean Family Association." --Quoted from a letter from Mr. & Mrs. Harold A. Bayn, 188 Floral Drive Battle Creek, Michigan 49015.

For Johnson Family Descendants: Ruby Wiedeman, 7250 S E Sherman, Portland, Oregon writes, "I would like to comment on Mr. Wayne Keeney's article on our Johnson Family (Flashback, November, 1967). I am mighty proud to be a member of this family, and especially of being a cousin of Mr. Keeney. We have worked together on this Johnson family, and now we need help from everyone who can contribute a scrap of anything. As for myself, I stem from Martin Johnson Jr. and wife, Sally Bailey. We have many, many records on this Johnson family (of Madison County, Arkansas) and we shall be most happy to exchange or share our data."

More Johnsons. "John Johnson, from the census records, was probably in Arkansas before 1830 and in Washington County. One of his wives was Louisa Miriam Holt -- she was mother to my great-grandfather, Andrew J. Holt... Rebecca Williford (1809-1885) is my 2nd great-grandmother. She is buried in the cemetery due east of Fayetteville and north of Baldwin. Enclosed is my check for membership; I will look forward to Flashback." --Nathiel Kraemer, Rte. 1, Box 330, Oregon City, Ore.

The Medearis Name was associated with the Dunagins who lived near Rhea's Mill and Prairie Grove and also with Lafayette Ellis whose mother was a Dunagan. Lafayette married Lucinda Medearis in 1869. I was interested in the Dunagin Cemetery in your August number. I find many names alike in Newton County, Missouri, and Washington County, Arkansas. Enclosed is membership for another year.--Mabel Link Buzzard, Box 93, Racine, Mo.

Mrs. Vesta A. Morgan, 12765 E. Savana Rd., LeGrand, Calif. 95333, hopes visit Fayetteville someday, and find some Smiths to talk to. She says, "...My grandfather, Augustus Conway Smith left Fayetteville when he was about 21, in 1850. He was never heard of again and is a mythical character to the descendants of his nine brothers and one sister..."

Confederate Soldiers, Sailors and Civilians, all 4,454 of them who died at Camp Douglas, Chicago, Illinois, 1862-1865, are now listed in a publication by Edgar Gray Publications, PO Box 181, Kalamazoo, Mich. 49005 at $6.00, postpaid. The notice states that the entries give the name, company, rank, regiment, date of death and place of burial of confederate prisoners of war from the southern states, including Arkansas and others.

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OUR ADDRESS: Washington County Historical Society, P. O. Box 237, Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701. Send in a membership, $3.00.

Far Back Campus Memory:
GRAY HALL, Commemorating a Great Man

by Deane G. Carter

Gray Hall, once a dormitory, later an academic building on the University campus, was named for Oliver Crosby Gray. I worked in Gray Hall for nineteen years, and still a quarter century later I knew nothing more about the name it bore except that "Gray was an old professor here who taught mathematics." To my mind that is a gross understatement for O. C. Gray was one of the great men of the early faculty of the University of Arkansas. Here is what the historians say of him:

Oliver Crosby Gray was born in Maine in 1832. He was graduated from Colby College and attended Dartmouth for a short time. He went west in 1856 and for one year was superintendent of public schools in Minneapolis. He came to Arkansas in 1858 and was principal of the Monticello Academy; then the Princeton Academy until the start of the Civil War. He enlisted as a private in the 3rd Arkansas Cavalry, and came out a captain (Confederate).

After the war, Gray returned to Princeton Academy for a year, then was professor of mathematics at St. John's College, Little Rock, later becoming its president, and serving until 1875. In that year he came to the Arkansas Industrial University and was on the faculty from 1875 to 1895, except for one year when he was principal of the Fayetteville public schools. (That was the year the whole faculty was fired.)

Professor Gray was elected superintendent of the State School for the Blind, which position he held until his death, again except for one year as principal of another school--the Speers-Langford Institute at Searcy. Campbell's History says of Gray, "He was an active home owner here, mayor of the town, principal of the schools, and gave high tone to all he did."

The "high tone" of this family did not end with O. C. Gray. His son, Carl R. Gray, who grew up and was educated in Fayetteville and the university, worked his way up in railroading from messenger boy and telegrapher, to the presidency of four railroad systems in succession, finally becoming president of the Union Pacific.

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Author's Note: This sketch of O. C. Gray was prompted by the 1966 demolition of Gray Hall, and the removal of Gray's portrait from the old building to the University museum. Except for Hill Hall, Gray was the last of the three men's dormitories to come down. It served for 60 years, from 1906 to 1966. In later years, from the early 1920s, the building served a number of departments: Horticulture, Ag Chemistry, Entomology, Plant Pathology, Agr Economics, Agr Education, and Agricultural Engineering. It was in the Agricultural Engineering department that I worked from 1922 to 1941. The sketch of O. C. Gray is from a brief history of the department in its first 20 years--1921-1941.

Report of the Secretary-Treasurer,
WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
For 1967. Deane G. Carter

The Secretary: The Society's objective is to find, organize, preserve, and distribute material of historic interest that relates to Washington County -- its people and events. In line with this primary purpose, in 1967, the following was accomplished:

We completed the 17th year of continuous operation, enrolled 620 members for the year, published four issues of Flashback (700 copies each), and six miscellaneous publications, sold out of several numbers in the book or bulletin series, distributed a couple of newsletters, and handled a great deal of correspondence. The publications were: A second book of Marriage Records (1870-79), a reprint of "Early Settlers of Cane Hill" a "Sater-Dyer-McColloch Genealogy," "Elm Springs Methodist Church," and a souvenir booklet, 50th Anniversary National Guard, Cos. A & B. Then two brochures, on the Tebbetts House, in support of the purchase project; and The Battle of Prairie Grove, a souvenir booklet for the visit of the Chicago Civil War Round Table group which came here to see the battlefields of this area.

A Distinguished Citizen citation was awarded to Mrs. Ella B. Hurst, for her long, active and useful career in Fayetteville. Many office visits, conferences with interested people, and individual correspondence made the year an active one.

The Society provided some supplies, and regular services, postage, and a printed brochure toward the campaign to buy the Tebbetts house. However, the Secretary and the Editor were fully occupied with the routine work of the Society. It is probable that the Headquarters House will be handled separately from the other functions of the Society, under the direction of a trustee group (this year Feathers, McConnell and Wade.)

The Treasurer: All moneys were deposited in the McIlroy Bank, and all expenditures were made by check, thus the essential data are to be found in the check stubs and deposit slips. My day-to-day record was within 29 cents of the bank's record. We have $400 in savings as an endowment from life memberships. We had a balance on Dec. 30, 1967 of $2,517.04, up about $540 from the $1,975.53 from 1966. Our entire balance is from memberships, sales, and $500 from Washington County, and has grown due to the fact that much of the labor and service is donated by individuals.

Receipts in approximate amounts were: Memberships and donations, $1,950 County appropriation, $500; sale of materials, booklets, back issues, etc. $1,200. Expenditures were: Printing, paper, and supplies, $1,025; Picture pages, photographs, $1,105; Postage, $285; Paid services, $260; Rent, $220; Miscellaneous repair, binding, flowers, etc., $140. This leaves the margin on 1967 operations about $540.

We have been able to hold the same low membership dues of $3.00 a year for all of the years of the Society, while costs have more than doubled on many things. Postage goes up Jan. 6, 1968. It costs about 33 cents to take care of a Flashback mailing resulting from a change of address which someone forgot to record with us. But as long as we get free or reduced rates for services, bulk rate postage and 650 members we are OK.